THE ROVER; OR, The Banish't Cavaliers.

As it was Acted by

His MAJESTY's Servants,

AT THE

THEATRE in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mrs. Ann Behn.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Orme*, for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul*'s-Church-Yard. MDCXCVII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ Plays newly Printed: The *Unnatural Brother*: A Tragedy. Written by *Mr. Filmer.* The Younger Brother, or *Amorous Jilt*: A Comedy, by Mrs. *Behn.* With an account of her Life and Writings. The *Spanish Wives* a Farce. *Lost Lover*, or the *Jealous Bridegroom*, by *Mrs. Manley. Old Batchelor*: A Comedy, by Mr. *Congreve. Debauchee*, or the *Credulous Cuckold*: With a Prologue and Epilogue, by my Lord *Rochester.* All Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the Lute in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
61
APR

PROLOGUE.

*W*Its like *Phyſicians never can agree,*
When of a different Society.
And Rabels *Drops were never more cry'd down*
By all the Learned Doctors of the Town,
Than a New Play *whoſe Author is unknown.*
Nor can thoſe Doctors with more Malice ſue
(And powerful Purſes) the diſcenting Few,
Than thoſe with an inſulting Pride, do raile
At all who are not of their own Caball:
If a Young Poet hit your humour right,
You judge him then out of Revenge and Spight.
So amongſt men there are Ridiculous Elves,
Who Monkeys hate for being too like themſelves.
So that the reaſon of the grand debate,
Why Wit ſo oft is damn'd, when good Plays *take,*
Is, that you Cenſure as you love, or hate.
Thus like a Learned Conclave, Poets ſit
Catholick Judges both of Senſe of Wit,
And Damn or Save, as they themſelves think fit.
Yet thoſe who to others faults are ſo ſevere,
Are not ſo perfect but they themſelves may Err.
Some write Coract indeed, but then the whole
(Bating their own dull ſtuff i'th' Play) *is ſtole:*
As Bees do ſuck from Flowers their Honey-dew,
So they rob others ſtriving to pleaſe you.
Some write their Characters gentile and fine,
But then they do ſo Toil for every line,
That what to you does Eaſie ſeem, and Plain,
Is the hard iſſue of their labouring Brain.
And ſome th' Effects of all their pains we ſee,
Is but to Mimick good Extempore.
Others, by long Converſe about the Town,
Have Wit enough to write a Lew'd Lampoon,
But their chief skill lies in a Bawdy Song.
In ſhort, the only Wit that's now in Faſhion
Is but the gleenings of good Converſation.
As for the Author of this coming Play,
I ask'd him what he thought fit I ſhould ſay
In thanks for your good Company to day:
He call'd me Fool, and ſaid it was well known,
You came not here for our ſakes, but your own.
New Plays *are ſtuff'd with Wits, and with Deboches,*
That Crowd and ſweat like Citts *in* May Day *Coaches.*

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

The Actors Names.

Mr *Jevorne*,	*Don Antonio*,	The Vice Roy's Son.
Mr. *Medburne*,	*Don Pedro*,	A Noble *Spaniard*, his Friend.
Mr. *Betterton*,	*Belvile*,	An *Engliſh* Colonel, in Love with *Florinda*.
Mr. *Smith*,	*Willmore*,	The *ROVER*.
Mr. *Crosbie*,	*Frederick*,	An *English* Gentleman, and Friend to *Bel.* and *Blunt*.
Mr. *Underhill*,	*Blunt*,	An *English* Country Gentleman.
Mr. *Richards*,	*Stephano*,	Servant to *Don Pedro*.
Mr. *Percivall*,	*Philippo*,	*Lucetta*'s Gallant.
Mr. *John Lee*,	*Sancho*,	Pimp to *Lucetta*.
	Biskey, and *Sebaſtian*,	*Two Bravo's to* Angellica.
	Officers and Souldiers.	
	Page	To *Don Antonio*.

Women.

Mrs. *Betterton*,	*Florinda*,	Siſter to *Don Pedro*
Mrs. *Barrer*,	*Hellena*,	A gay young Woman deſign'd for a Nun, and Siſter to *Florinda*.
Mrs. *Hughs*,	*Valeria*,	A Kinſwoman to *Florinda*.
Mrs. *Gwin*,	*Angellica Bianca*,	A Famous Courtizan.
Mrs. *Leigh*,	*Moretta*,	Her Woman.
Mrs. *Norris*,	*Callis*,	Governeſs to *Florinda* and *Hellena*.
Mrs. *Gillo*,	*Lucetta*,	A Jilting Wench.

Servants, Other *Maſqueraders* Men and Women.

The Scene *NAPLES*, in Carnival time.

THE

THE ROVER:

OR,

The Baniſh't Cavaliers.

ACT The Firſt.

Scene the Firſt. *A Chamber.*

Enter Florinda *and* Hellena.

Flor. WHat an Impertinent thing is a young Girl bred in a Nunnery? How full of Queſtions? Prithee no more *Hellena*, I have told thee more than thou underſtand'ſt already.

Hell. The more's my grief, I wou'd fain know as much as you, which makes me ſo inquiſitive; nor is't enough to know you'r a Lover, unleſs you tell me too, who 'tis you ſigh for.

Flor. When you'r a Lover, I'll think you fit for a Secret of that Nature.

Hell. 'Tis true, I never was a Lover yet—but I begin to have a ſhrew'd gueſs, what 'tis to be ſo, and fancy it very pretty to ſigh, and ſing, and bluſh and wiſh, and dream and wiſh, and long and wiſh to ſee the Man; and when I do look pale and tremble; juſt as you did when my Brother brought home the fine Engliſh Collonel to ſee you——what do you call him *Don Belvile.*

Flor. Fye *Hellena.*

Hell. That bluſh betrays you.—I am ſure 'tis ſo—or is it *Don Antonio* the Vice-Roy's Son? —or perhaps the Rich old *Don Vincentio* whom my Father deſigns for your Husband? —why do you bluſh again?

Flor. With Indignation, and how near ſoever my Father thinks I am to Marrying that hated Object, I ſhall let him ſee, I underſtand better, what's due to my Beauty, Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey thoſe unjuſt Commands.

Hell.

Hell. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear diſobedience. I love miſchief ſtrangely, as moſt of our Sex do, who are come to love nothing elſe — but tell me dear *Florinda*, don't you love that fine *Angleſe*? — for I vow next to loving him my ſelf, 'twill pleaſe me moſt that you do ſo, for he is ſo gay and ſo handſom.

Flor. Hellena, a Maid deſign'd for a Nun, ought not to be ſo Curious in a diſcourſe of Love.

Hell. And doſt thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? or at leaſt till I'm ſo old, I'm fit for nothing elſe. Faith no, Siſter; and that which makes me long to know whether you love *Belvile*, is becauſe I hope he has ſome mad Companion or other, that will ſpoil my devotion, nay, I'm reſolv'd to provide my ſelf this Carnival, if there be ere a handſome proper fellow of my humour above ground, tho I ask firſt.

Flor. Prethee be not ſo wild.

Hell. Now you have provided your ſelf with a Man, you take no care for poor me — prithee tell me, what doſt thou ſee about me that is unfit for Love — have not I a World of Youth? a humour gay? a Beauty paſſable? a Vigour deſirable? well ſhap't? clean limb'd? ſweet breath'd? and ſenſe enough to know how all theſe ought to be employ'd to the beſt advantage; yes, I do and will, therefore lay aſide your hopes of my Fortune, by my being a Devote, and tell me how you came acquainted with this *Belvile*? for I perceive you knew him before he came to *Naples*.

Flor. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of *Pampelona*, he was then a Colonel of *French* Horſe, who when the Town was Ranſack't, Nobly treated my Brother and my ſelf, preſerving us from all Inſolencies; and I muſt own, (beſides great obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will ſuffer no other to enter. — But to ſee my Brother.

Enter Don Pedro Stephano, *with a Maſquing habit, and* Callis.

Pedro. Good morrow Siſter. Pray when ſaw you your Lover *Don Vincentio*.

Flor. I know not Sir — *Callis* when he was here? for I conſider it ſo little, I know not when it was.

Pedro. I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to diſpiſe him, a Man of ſo vaſt a Fortune, and ſuch a Paſſion for you — *Stephano* m'thinks — [*Puts on his Maſquing habit.*

Flor. A Paſſion for me, 'tis more than ere I ſaw, or had a deſire ſhould be known — I hate *Vincentio*, and I wou'd not have a Man ſo dear to me as my Brother, follow the ill Cuſtoms of our Country, and make a ſlave of his Siſter — and Sir, my Father's will, I'm ſure, you may divert.

Pedro. I know not how dear I am to you, but I wiſh only to be ranckt in your eſteem, equal with the Engliſh Coll. *Belvile* — why do you frown and bluſh? is there any guilt belongs to the Name of that Cavalier.

Flor. I'll not deny I value *Belvile*, when I was expos'd to ſuch dangers as the Licens'd Luſt of common Soldiers threatned, when Rage and Conqueſt flew through the City — then *Belvile* this Criminal for my ſake, through him ſelf into all dangers to ſave my honour and will you not allow him my eſteem?

Pedro.

Pedro. Yes, pay him what you will in Honour——but you muſt conſider *Don Vincentio*'s Fortune, and the Joynture he'l make you.

Flor. Let him conſider my Youth, Beauty and Fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his Age and Joynture.

Pedro. 'Tis true, he's not ſo young and fine a Gentleman as that *Belvile*,—— but what Jewels will that Cavalier preſent you with? thoſe of his Eyes and Heart?

Hell. And are not thoſe better than any *Don Vincentio* has brought from the *Indies*.

Pedro. Why how now! has your Nunnery-breeding taught you to underſtand the value of Hearts and Eyes?

Hell. Better than to believe *Vincentio*'s deſerves value from any Woman——; he may per-haps encreaſe her Baggs, but not her Family.

Pedro. This is fine — go up to your Devotion, you are not deſign'd for the converſation of Lovers.

Hell. Nor Saints, yet a while I hope *(Aſide.*
I'ſt not enough you make a Nun of me, but you muſt caſt my Siſter away too? expoſing her to a worſe confinement than a Religious life.

Pedro. The Girl's mad—it is a confinement to be carry'd into the Country, to an Antient Villa belonging to the Family of the *Vincentio*'s theſe five hundred Years, and have no other Proſpect than that pleaſing one of ſeeing all her own that meets her Eyes——a fine Air, large Fields and Gardens, where ſhe may walk and gather Flowers.

Hell. When? by Moon Light? For I am ſure ſhe dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun, that were a task only for *Don Vincentio* and his Indian breeding, who loves it in the Dog days.——and if theſe be her Daily divertiſements,, what are thoſe of the Night, to lye in a wide Moth-eaten Bed-Chamber, with furniture in Faſhion in the Reign of King *Sancho* the Firſt; The Bed that which his Fore-fathers liv'd and dy'd in.

Pedro. Very well.

Hell. This Apartment (new furbruſht and fitted out for the young Wife) he (out of freedom) makes his dreſſing-room, and being a Frugal and a Jealous Coxcomb, inſtead of a Valet to uncaſe his feeble Carcaſs, he deſires you to do that Office — ſigns of favour, I'll aſſure you, and ſuch as you muſt not hope for, unleſs your Woman be out of the way.

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. That honour being paſt, the Gyant ſtretches it ſelf; yawns and ſighs a Belch or two loud as a Musket, throws himſelf into Bed, and expects you in his foul ſheets, and e're you can get your ſelf undreſt, call's you with a ſnore or two — and are not theſe fine Bleſſings to a young Lady?

Pedro. Have you done yet?

Hell. And this man you muſt kiſs, nay, you muſt kiſs none but him too—— and nuzel through his Beard to find his Lips.—— And this you muſt ſubmit to for threeſcore years, and all for a Joynture.

Pedro. For all your Character of *Don Vincentio*, ſhe is as like to Marry him as ſhe was before.

Hell.

Hell. Marry *Don Vincentio*! hang me ſuch a Wedlock would be worſe than Adultery with another Man. I had rather ſee her in the *Hoſtel de Dieu*, to waſt her Youth there in Vowes, and be a Hand-Maid to Lazers and Cripples, than to loſe it in ſuch a Marriage.

Pedro. You have conſider'd Siſter, that *Belvile* has no Fortune to bring you to, baniſht his Country, deſpis'd at home, and pitti'd abroad.

Hell. What then? the Vice-Roy's Son is better than that Old Sir Fifty. *Don Vincentio*! *Don Indian*! he thinks he's Trading to *Gambo* ſtill, and wou'd *Barter* himſelf (that Bell and Bawble) for your Youth and Fortune.

Pedro. Callis take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent ſhe ſhall begin her everlaſting Pennance in a Monaſtery.

Hell. I care not, I had rather be a Nun, than be obliged to Marry as you wou'd have me, if I were deſign'd for't.

Pedro. Do not fear the bleſſing of that choice — you ſhall be a Nun.

Hell. Shall I ſo? you may chance to be miſtaken in my way of devotion: — a Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent humour for a Grate: no, I'll have a *Saint* of my own to pray to ſhortly, if I like any that dares venture on me. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Callis, make it your buſineſs to watch this Wild Cat. As for you *Florinda*, I've only tri'd you all this while and urg'd my Fathers will; but mine is, that you would love *Antonio*, he is Brave and Young, and all that can Compleat the Happineſs of a Gallant Maid ——— this abſence of my Father will give us opportunity to free you from *Vincentio*, by Marrying here, which you muſt do to Morrow.

Flor. To Morrow!

Pedro. To Morrow, or 'twill be too late — 'tis not my Friendſhip to *Antonio*, which makes me urge this, but love to thee, and hatred to *Vincentio* — therefore reſolve upon to Morrow.

Flor. Sir, I ſhall ſtrive to do, as ſhall become your Siſter.

Pedro. I'll both believe and truſt you — Adieu [Exit *Ped.* and *Steph.*

Hell. As become his Siſter! — that is, to be as reſolv'd your way, as he is his —— Hell. *goes to* Callis

Flor. I ne'r till now perceiv'd my Ruine near,
I've no defence againſt *Antonio*'s Love,
For he has all the advantages of Nature,
The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.

Hell. But hark you *Callis*, you will not be ſo cruel to lock me up indeed, will you?

Call. I muſt obey the Commands I hate —— beſides, do you conſider what a life you are going to lead?

Hell. Yes, *Callis*, that of a Nun: and till then I'll be indebted a world of Prayers to you, if you'll let me now ſee, what I never did, the Divertiſements of a *Carnival.*

Call. What, go in Maſquerade! 'twill be a fine farewel to the World I take it —— pray what wou'd you do there.

Hell. That which all the world does, as I am told, be as mad as the reſt, and take all Innocent freedoms — Siſter you'll go too, will you not? come prithee be

be not ſad.—We'll out-wit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by me—come put off this dull humour with your Cloths, and aſſume one as gay, and as fantaſtick as the Dreſs my Couſin *Valeria* and I have provided, and let's ramble.

Flor. *Callis*, will you give us leave to go?

Call. I have a youthful itch of going my ſelf. (*Aſide.*

—— Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you, for by my troth I'll not truſt young Girls alone.

Flor. Thou ſee'ſt my Brother's gone already, and thou ſhalt attend and watch us.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Mad! the Habits are come, and your Couſin *Valeria* is dreſt, and ſtays for you.

Flor. 'Tis well. — I'll write a Note, and if I chance to ſee *Belvile*, and want an opportunity to ſpeak to him, that ſhall let him know what I've reſolv'd in favour of him.

Hell. Come, let's in and dreſs us. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Long Street.*

Enter Belvile *melancholy*, Blunt *and* Frederick.

Fred. Whe, what the Devil ails the Coll. in a time when all the World is gay, to look like meer *Lent* thus? Hadſt thou been long enough in *Naples* to have been in Love, I ſhou'd have ſworn ſome ſuch Judgment had befall'n thee.

Belv. No, I have made no new Amours ſince I came to *Naples*.

Fred. You have left none behind you in *Paris*.

Belv. Neither.

Fred. I can't divine the cauſe then, unleſs the old cauſe, the want of Mony.

Blunt. And another old cauſe, the want of a Wench. —— Wou'd not that revive you?

Belv. You're miſtaken, *Ned*.

Blunt. Nay, 'Sheartlikins, then thou'rt paſt cure.

Fred. I have found it out; thou haſt renew'd thy acquaintance with the Lady that coſt thee ſo many ſighs at the Siege of *Pampulona* — Pox on't, what d'ye call her —— her Brother's a noble *Spaniard* —— Nephew to the dead General.—*Florinda*, — Ay, *Florinda* — — and will nothing ſerve thy turn but that damn'd Virtuous Woman, whom, on my Conſcience, thou lov'ſt in ſpight too, becauſe thou ſeeſt little or no poſſibility of gaining her.

Belv. Thou art miſtaken, I have Int'reſt enough in that lovely Virgins heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not abated by the ſeverity of a Brother, who perceiving my happineſs ——

Fred. Has civily forbid thee the Houſe?

Belv. 'Tis ſo, to make way for a pow'rful Rival, the Vice-Roy's Son, who has the advantage of me, in being a Man of Fortune, a *Spaniard*, and her Brother's Friend, which gives him liberty to make his Court, whilſt I have re-

courſe only to Letters, and diſtant Looks from her Window, which are as ſoft and kind as thoſe which Heav'n ſends down on Penitents.

Blunt. Heyday! 'Sheartlikins, ſmile! by this light the man is quite ſpol'd. —— *Frederick*, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concern'd for a Wench? ——— 'Sheartlikins, our *Cupids* are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roaſt or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine tricks to ſet 'em off, no Hogoes to make the Sawce pleaſant, and the Stomach ſharp.

Fred. I dare ſwear I have had a hundred as young, kind and handſom as this *Florinda*; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as troubleſom to me i' th' Morning as they were welcome o'er Night.

Blunt. And yet, I warrant, he wou'd not touch another Woman, if he might have her for nothing.

Belv. That's thy Joy, a cheap Whore.

Blunt. Whe, 'dſheartlikins, I love a frank Soul.—— When did you ever hear of an honeſt Woman that took a Man's Mony? I warrant 'em good ones. — But, Gentlemen, you may be free; you have been kept ſo poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preſerving; —— but, I thank my Stars, I had more Grace than to forfeit my Eſtate by Cavaliering.

Belv. Methinks only following the Court, ſhou'd be ſufficient to entitle 'em to that.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unleſs they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conſcience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

Enter Willmore.

Will. Ha! dear *Belvile*! noble Colonel!

Belv. *Willmore*! welcome aſhore, my dear Rover! —— what happy wind blew us this good Fortune?

Will. Let me ſalute my dear *Fred.* and then command me. —— How is't honeſt Lad?

Fred. Faith, Sir, the old Complement, infinitely the better to ſee my dear mad *Willmore* again.—— Prithee why cameſt thou aſhore? and where's the Prince?

Will. He's well, and reigns ſtill Lord of the watery Element. ——— I muſt aboard again within a day or two, and my buſineſs aſhore was only to enjoy my ſelf a little this Carnival.

Belv. Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but baſhful, a raw Traveller, but honeſt, ſtout, and one of us. (*Embraces* Blunt.

Will. That you eſteem him, gives him an Intereſt here.

Blunt. Your ſervant, Sir.

Will. But well,—— Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its God-like Power ſtill over the Wine and Women. ——— Love and Mirth are my bus'neſs in *Naples*, and if I miſtake not the place, here's an excellent Market for Chapmen of my humour.

Belv. See, here be thoſe kind Merchants of Love you look for.

Enter

Enter ſeveral Men in maſquing Habits, ſome playing on Muſick, others dancing after; Women dreſt like Courtizans, with Papers pinn'd on their Breaſts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here?

Fred. Now the Game begins.

Will. Fine pretty Creatures! may a ſtranger have leave to look and love? —— What's here —— *Roſes for every Month?* (*Reads the Papers.*

Blunt. Roſes for every Month, what means that?

Belv. They are, or wou'd have you think they're Courtizans, who here in *Naples* are to be hir'd by the month.

Will. Kind and obliging to inform us —— Pray where do theſe Roſes grow? I wou'd fain plant ſome of 'em in a Bed of mine.

Wom. Beware ſuch Roſes, Sir.

Will. A Pox of Fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of ſheets, and that's thy proper Still, ſo I might but ſtrew ſuch Roſes over me and under me. —— Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your Buſh this idle Month, I won'd go near to make ſome-body ſmell of it all the year after.

Belv. And thou haſt need of ſuch a remedy, for thou ſtink'ſt of Tar and Ropes-ends, like a Dock or Peſthouſe.

(*The Woman puts her ſelf into the hands of a Man, and Ex.*

Will. Nay, nay, you ſhall not leave me ſo.

Belv. By all means uſe no Violence here.

Will. Death! juſt as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that Roſe out of his Hand, and even kiſs the Bed, the Buſh it grew in.

Fred. No Friend to Love, like a long Voyage at Sea.

Blunt. Except a Nunnery, *Fred.*

Will. Death! but will they not be kind, quickly be kind? Thou know'ſt I'm no tame ſigher, but a rampant Lion of the Foreſt.

Advances from the farther end of the Scenes, two Men dreſt all over with Horns of ſeveral ſorts, making Grimaſſes at one-another, with Papers pinn'd on their Backs.

Belv. Oh the fantaſtical rogues, how they're dreſs'd! 'Tis a Satyr againſt the whole ſex.

Will. Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

Belv. Yes: 'Tis pretty to ſee theſe *Italians* ſtart, ſwell, and ſtab at the word *Cuckold*, and yet ſtumble at Horns on every Threſhold.

Will. See what's on their back —— *Flowers of every Night.* (*Reads.*

——Ah rogue! and more ſweet than roſes of e'ery month! This is a Gardener of *Adam*'s own breeding. (*They dance.*

Belv. What think you of thoſe grave people? — Is a Wake in *Eſſex* half ſo mad or extravagant?

Will. I like their ſober grave way, 'tis a kind of legal authoriz'd Fornication, where the men are not chid for't, nor the Women deſpis'd, as amongſt

our dull Engliſh, even the Monſieurs want that part of good manners.

Belv. But here in *Italy* a Monſieur is the humbl'ſt beſt-bred Gentleman —— Duels are ſo baffl'd by *Bravo*'s, that an Age ſhews not one, but between a *French-man* and a Hang-man, who is as much too hard for him on the *Piazza*, as they are for a *Dutch-man* on the New Bridge. —— But ſee another crew.

Enter Florinda, Hellena *and* Valeria, *dreſt like Gipſies*; Callis *and* Stephano, Lucetta, Philippo *and* Sancho *in Maſquerade.*

Hel. Siſter, there's your *Engliſh-man*, and with him a handſom proper Fellow.—— I'll to him, and inſtead of telling him his Fortune, try my own.

Will. Gipſies, on my life —— ſure theſe will prattle if a man croſs their hands. (*Goes to* Hellena.) ——— dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous ſtranger what Luck he's like to have?

Hel. Have a care how you venture with me, Sir, leſt I pick your pocket, which will more Vex your Engliſh Humour, than an *Italian* Fortune will pleaſe you.

Will. How the Devil cam'ſt thou to know my Country and Humour?

Hel. The firſt I gueſs, by a certain forward Impudence, which does not diſpleaſe me at this time; and the loſs of your mony will Vex you, becauſe I hope you have but very little to loſe.

Will. Egad Child, thou'rt i' th' right; it is ſo little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindneſs.———But cannot you divine what other things of more Value I have about me, that I would more willingly part with?

Hel. Indeed no, that's the bus'neſs of a Witch, and I am but a Gipſie yet. — Yet, without looking in your hand, I have a parlous gueſs, tis ſome fooliſh Heart you mean, an inconſtant *Engliſh* Heart, as little worth ſtealing as your Purſe.

Will. Nay, then thou doſt deal with the Devil, that's certain. —— Thou haſt gueſs'd as right as if thou hadſt been one of that number it has languiſht for.——— I find you'l be better acquainted with it; nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from Sea, Child; and *Venus* not being propitious to me in her own Element, I have a world of Love in ſtore —— wou'd you would be good natur'd, and take ſome on't off my hands.

Hel. Whe,—— I could be inclin'd that way——— but for a fooliſh Vow I am going to make,——— to dye a Maid.

Will. Then thou art damn'd without redemption; and as I am a good Chriſtian, I ought in charity to divert ſo wicked a deſign,——— therefore prithee dear Creature let me know quickly when and where I ſhall begin to ſet a helping hand to ſo good a Work.

Hel. If you ſhould prevail with my tender heart (as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving Eyes) there will be difficulty in't that you'l hardly undergo for my ſake.

Will. Faith Child, I have been bred in dangers, and wear a Sword that has been employ'd in a worſe cauſe, than for a handſom kind Woman——— Name the danger,——— let it be any thing but a long Siege,——— and I'll undertake it.

Hel.

Hel. Can you ſtorm?

Will. Oh, moſt furiouſly.

Hel. What think you of a Nunnery-wall? for he that wins me, muſt gain that firſt.

Will. A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! there's no Sinner like a young Saint. ——— Nay, now there's no denying me, the old Law had no curſe (to a Woman) like a dying Maid; witneſs *Jephtha*'s Daughter.

Hel. A very good Text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impoſe no ſevere penance on her who was inclin'd to conſole her ſelf before ſhe took Orders.

Will. If ſhe be young and handſom.

Hel. Ay, there's it, ——— but if ſhe be not ———

Will. By this hand, child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee with all Faults, ——— beſides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the World when thou haſt taſted and prov'd the pleaſure on't, than 'twill be a Virtue in thee, which now will be pure Ignorance.

Hel. I perceive, good Father Captain, you deſign only to make me fit for Heaven; — but if on the contrary you ſhould quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the World again, I ſhould have a new Man to ſeek I find; and what a grief that will be, —— for when I begin, I fancy I ſhall love like any thing: I never try'd yet.

Will. Egad, and that's kind. — Prithee, dear creature, give me credit for a Heart, for faith I m a very honeſt fellow ——— Oh, I long to come firſt to the Banquet of Love; and ſuch a ſwinging Appetite I bring ——— Oh, I'm impatient. — Thy Lodging, Sweetheart, thy Lodging, or I'm a dead man!

Hel. Why muſt we be either guilty of Fornication or Murder, if we converſe with you Men? ——— And is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lye with me?

Will. Faith, child, they were made to go together.

Lucet. Are you ſure this is the man? (*Pointing to* Blunt.

Sancho. When did I miſtake your Game?

Lucet. This is a Stranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'l venture to follow me; and then, if I underſtand my Trade, he's mine; he's *Engliſh* too, and they ſay that's a ſort of good-natur'd loving people, and have generally ſo kind an Opinion of themſel es, that a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em into any ſort of Fool ſhe pleaſes.

Blunt, 'Tis ſo — ſhe is taken — I have Beauties which my falſe Glaſs at home did not diſcover. { *She often paſſes by* Blunt, *and gazes on him; he ſtruts, and cocks, and walks, and gazes on her.*

Flor. This Woman watches me ſo, I ſhall get no Opportunity to diſcover my ſelf to him, and ſo miſs the intent of my coming, ——— but as I was ſaying, Sir, — by this Line you ſhould be a Lover. [*Looking in his hand.*

Belv. I thought how right you gueſs'd, all men are in love, or pretend to be ſo——— come, let me go, I'm weary of this fooling. (*Walks away*

Flor. I will not, till you have confeſs'd whether the Paſſion that you have

vow'd

vow'd *Florinda* be true or falſe. [*She holds him, he ſtrives to get from her.*

Belv. Florinda! [*Turns quick towards her.*

Flor. Softly.

Belv. Thou haſt nam'd one will fix me here for ever.

Flor. She'l be diſappointed then, who expects you this night at the Garden-gate, and if you fail not — as let me ſee the other hand — you will go near to do — ſhe vows to dye or make you happy. (*Looks on* Callis, *who obſerves 'em.*

Belv. What canſt thou mean?

Flor. That which I ſay ——— Farewel. (*Offers to go.*

Belv. Oh charming Sybil ſtay, compleat that Joy, which, as it is, will turn into Diſtraction! ——— where muſt I be? at the Garden-gate? I know it, ——— at night, you ſay: —— I'll ſooner forfeit Heaven than diſobey.

Enter Don Pedro *and other Maſquers, and paſs over the Stage.*

Call. Madam, your Brother's here.

Flor. Take this to inſtruct you farther. (*Gives him a Letter, and goes off.*

Fred. Have a care, Sir, what you promiſe; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruine you.

Belv. Do not diſturb my Happineſs with Doubts. (*Opens the Letter.*

Will. My dear pretty Creature, a Thouſand Bleſſings on thee; ſtill in this Habit you ſay? —— and after Dinner at this place.

Hel. Yes, if you will ſwear to keep your Heart, and not beſtow it between this and that.

Will. By all the little Gods of Love I ſwear, I'll leave it with you, and if you run away with it, thoſe Deities of Juſtice will revenge me.

(*Ex. all the Women.*

Fred. Do you know the hand?

Belv. 'Tis *Florinda*'s.

All Bleſſings fall upon the Virtuous Maid.

Fred. Nay, no Idolatry, a ſober Sacrifice I'll allow you.

Belv. Oh Friends! the welcom'ſt News, the ſofteſt Letter! — nay, you ſhall all ſee it; and could you now be ſerious, I might be made the happieſt man the Sun ſhines on.

Will. The reaſon of this mighty joy?

Belv. See how kindly ſhe invites me to deliver her from the threatned Violence of her Brother ——— will you not aſſiſt me?

Will. I know not what thou mean'ſt, but I'll make one at any miſchief where a Woman's concern'd; ——— but ſhe'll be grateful to us for the favour, will ſhe not?

Belv. How mean you?

Will. How ſhou'd I mean? Thou know'ſt there's but one way for a Woman to oblige me.

Belv. Don't prophane ----- the Maid is nicely Virtuous.

Will. Who Pox, then ſhe's fit for nothing but a Husband, let her e'n go, Colonel.

Fred. Peace, ſhe's the Colonel's Miſtreſs, Sir.

Will.

Will. Let her be the Devil, if she be thy Mistress, I'll serve her——name the way.

Belv. Read here this Postscript. (*Gives him a Letter.*

Will. [Reads.] — Kind Heart, if we three cannot weave a string to let her down a Garden-Wall, 'twere pity but the Hang-man wove one for us all. *At Ten at night — at the Garden Gate —— of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall——come attended with a Friend or Two.*

Fred. Let her alone for that, your Womans wit! your fair kind Woman! will out-trick a Brother or a Jew: and contrive like a Jesuit in Chains — but see, *Ned Blunt* is stoln out after the Lure of a Damsel. [*Ex.* Blunt *and* Lucet.

Belv. So he'll scarce find his way home again, unless we get him cry'd by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and 'twou'd sound prettily——a lost English Boy of Thirty.

Fred. I hope 'tis some Common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be she'll sell him for *Perue*, the Rogue's sturdy, and would work well in a Mine; at least I hope she'll dress him for our Mirth, cheat him of all, then have him well-favour'dly bang'd, and turn'd out Naked at Midnight.

Will. Prithee what humour is he of, that you wish him so well?

Belv. Why of an *English* Elder Brother's humour, Educated in a Nursery, with a Maid to tend him till Fifteen, and lies with his Grand-Mother till he's of Age: one that knows no pleasure beyond riding to the next Fair, or going up to *London* with his right Worshipful Father in Parliament-time; wearing gay Cloths, or making honourable Love to his Lady Mothers Laundry-Maid: gets drunk at a Hunting Match, and ten to one then gives some proofs of his Prowess. — A Pox upon him, he's our *Banker*, and has all our Cash about him, and if he fail, we are all Broke.

Fred. Oh let him alone for that matter, he's of a damn'd stingey quality, that will secure our stock; I know not in what danger it were indeed if the Jilt should pretend she's in Love with him, for 'tis a kind believing Coxcomb; otherwise if he part with more than a peice of Eight—gueld him: for which offer he may chance to be beaten, if she be a Whore of the first rank.

Belv. Nay the Rogue will not be easily beaten, he's stout enough; perhaps if they talk beyond his Capacity, he may chance to Exercise his Courage upon some of them, else I'm sure they'll find it as difficult to beat as to please him.

Will. 'Tis a luckey Devil to light upon so kind a Wench!

Fred. Thou had'st a great deal of talk with thy little Gipsie, coud'st thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-harted.

Will. Hang her, she was some damn'd honest Person of Quality I'm sure, she was so very free and witty. If her face be but answerable to her Wit, and Humour, I wou'd be bound to constancy this Month to gain her — in the mean time, have you made no kind acquaintance since you came to Town?—you do not use to be honest so long, Gentlemen.

Fred. Faith Love has kept us honest, we have been all fir'd with a Beauty newly come to Town, the Famous *Paduana Angellica Binaca.*

Will.

Will. What the Miſtreſs of the dead *Spaniſh* General?

Belv. Yes, ſhe's now the only ador'd Beauty of all the youth in *Naples*, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her ſight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themſelves, all gay, as on a Monarch's Birth Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while ſhe has the pleaſure to behold all languiſh for her that ſee her.

Fred. 'Tis pretty to ſee with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women.

Will. What Gallant has ſhe?

Belv. None, ſhe's expos'd to Sail, and four Days in the Week ſhe's yours—for ſo much a month.

Will. The very thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me——yet prithee let's ſee her.

Belv. Let's firſt to Dinner, and after that we'll paſs the day as you pleaſe—but at Night ye muſt all be at my Devotion.

Will. I will not fail you.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. Scene I. *The Long Street.*

Enter Belvile *and* Frederick *in Maſqing Habits, and* Willmore *in his own Cloaths, with a Vizard in his Hand.*

Will. But why thus diſguis'd and muzzel'd?

Belv. Becauſe whatever Extravagances we commit in theſe Faces, our own may not be oblig'd to anſwer 'em.

Will. I ſhou'd have chang'd my Eternal Buffe too; but no matter, my little Gipſie wou'd not have found me out then; for if ſhe ſhou'd change hers, it is impoſſible I ſhould know her, unleſs I ſhould here her prattle. A Pox on't, I cannot get her out of my Head: Pray Heaven, if ever I do ſee her again, ſhe prove damnable ugly, that I may fortifie my ſelf againſt her Tongue.

Belv. Have a care of Love, for o'my conſcience ſhe was not of a quality to give thee any hopes.

Will. Pox on 'em, why do they draw a Man in then? She has play'd with my Heart ſo, that 'twill never lie ſtill, till I have met with ſome kind Wench, that will play the Game out with me—Oh for my Arms full of ſoft, white, kind—Woman! ſuch as I fancy *Angelica.*

Belv. This is her Houſe, if you were but in ſtock to get admittance; they have not din'd yet; I perceive the Picture is not out.

Enter

Enter Blunt.

Will. I long to ſee the Shadow of the fair Subſtance; a Man may gaze on that for nothing.

Blunt. Coll. Thy Hand—and thine *Fred.* I have been an Aſs, a deluded Fool, a very Coxcomb from my Birth till this hour, and heartily repent my little Faith.

Belv. What the Devil's the matter with the *Ned*?

—— Oh ſuch a Mrs. *Fred.* ſuch a Girl!

Will. Ha! where. *Fred.* Anywhere!

So fond, ſo amorous, ſo toying and fine! and all for ſheer Love ye Rogue! Oh how ſhe lookt and kiſt! and ſooth'd my Heart from my Boſom—I cannot think I was awake, and yet methinks I ſee and feel her charms ſtill—*Fred.* ——Try if ſhe have not left the taſte of her Balmey Kiſſes upon my Lips———. (*Kiſſes him.*

Belv. Ha! Ha! Ha! *Will.* Death Man where is ſhe?

—What a Dog was I to ſtay in dull *England* ſo long, —How have I laught at the Coll. when he ſigh'd for Love! but now the little Archer has reveng'd him! and by his one Dart, I can guſs at all his joys, which then I took for Fancies, meer Dreams and Fables. —— Well, I'm reſolv'd to ſell all in *Eſſex*, and plant here forever.

Belv. What a Bleſſing 'tis, thou haſt a Miſtreſs thou darſt boaſt of; for I know thy Humour is rather to have a proclaim'd Clap, than a ſecret Amour.

Will. Doſt know her Name?

Blunt. Her Name, No, 'sheartlikins what care I for names.—— She's fair! young! brisk and kind! even to raviſhment! and what a Pox care I for knowing her by any other Title.

Will. Diſt give her any thing?

Blunt. Give her!——— Ha, ha, ha! whe ſhe's a Perſon of Quality;—— that's a good one, give her! 'sheartlikins doſt think ſuch Creatures are to be bought? Or are we provided for ſuch a Purchaſe? give her quoth ye? Why ſhe preſented me with this Bracelet, for the Toy of a Diamond I us'd to wear: No, Gent'lemen. *Ned Blunt* is not every Body —— She expects me again to Night.

Will. Egad that's well; we'll all go.

Blunt. Not a Soul: No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull Country Rogue, I.

Fred. Well, Sir, for all your Perſon of Quallity, I ſhall be very glad to underſtand your Purſe be ſecure; 'tis our whole Eſtate at preſent, which we are loth to hazard in one Bottom; come, Sir, unlade.

Blunt. Take the neceſſary Trifle uſeleſs now to me, that am belov'd by ſuch a Gentlewoman 'sheartlikins Money! Here take mine too.

Fred. No, keep that to be couzen'd, that we may laugh.

Will. Couzen'd!——— Death! wou'd I cou'd meet with one, that wou'd couzen me of all the Love I cou'd ſpare to Night.

Fred. Pox 'tis ſome common Whore upon my Life.

Blunt. A Whore! yes with ſuch Cloths! ſuch Jewels! ſuch a Houſe! ſuch Furniture, and ſo Attended! a Whore!

Belv. Why yes, Sir, they are Whores, tho' they'll neither entertain you with Drinking, Swearing, or Bawdry; are Whores in all thoſe gay Cloths, and right Jewels. are Whores with great Houſes richly furniſht with Velvet Beds, Store of Plate, handſome Attendance, and fine Coache, are Whores and Errant ones.

Will. Pox on't, where do theſe fine Whores live?

Belv. Where no Rogue in Office Ecliped Conſtables, dare give 'em Laws, nor the Wine Inſpir'd Bullies of the Town, break their Windows; yet they are Whores tho this *Eſſex* Calf believe them Perſons of Quality.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this *Eſſex* Calf, that ſhall take with the Ladies, beyond all your Witt and Parts — this Shape and Size Gentlemen are not to be deſpis'd my Waſte too tolerably long, with other inviting ſigns, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Will. Egad I believe he may have met with ſome perſon of Quality that may be kind to him.

Belv. Doſt thou perceive any ſuch tempting things about him, ſhou'd make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her youth and Beauty upon, nay, and her dear heart too! — no, no, *Angellica* has rais'd the Price too high.

Will. May ſhe languiſh for Mankind till ſhe dye, and be damn'd for that one ſin alone.

Enter Two Bravo's, *and hang up a great Picture of* Angellica's, *againſt the Balcone, and Two little ones at each ſide of the Door.*

Belv. See there the fair Sign to the Inn where a man may Lodg that's Fool enough to give her price. [Will. *gaizes on the Picture.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen what's this!

Belv. A Famous *Courtizen* that's to be ſold.

Blunt. How! to be ſold! nay, then I have nothing to ſay to her — ſold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country? — with Order and decency Whoring's Eſtabliſht here by Virtue of the Inquiſition — come let's begone, I m ſure wee're no Chapmen for this Commodity.

Fred. Thou art none I'm ſure, unleſs thou coud'ſt have her in thy Bed at a price of a Coach in the Street.

Will. How wondrous fair ſhe is — a Thouſand Crowns a Month — by Heaven as many Kingdoms were too little, a plague of this Poverty — of which I ne're complain, but when it hinders my approach to Beauty: which Virtue ne'r cou'd purchaſe. [*Turns from the Picture.*

Blunt. What's this? — [*Reads*] *A Thouſand Crowns a Month.* — Sheartlikins here's a Sum! ſure 'tis a miſtake. — Heark you Friend, does ſhe take or give ſo much by the Month?

Fred. A Thouſand Crowns! why 'tis a Portion for the *Infanta.*

Blunt.

Blunt. Heark ye Friends, won't ſhe truſt?

Brav. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live by Credit.

Enter Don Pedro *in Maſquerade, follow'd by* Stephano.

Belv. See, here's more Company, let's walk off a while. [*Ex.* Engliſh.

[Pedro *Reads.*

Enter Angellica *and* Moretta *in the* Balcone, *and draw a Silk Curtain.*

Ped. Fetch me a thouſand Crowns, I never wiſht to buy this Beauty at an eaſier rate. [*paſſes off.*

Ang. Prithee what ſaid thoſe Fellows to thee?

Brav. Madam, the firſt were admirers of Beauty only, but no purchaſers, they were merry with your Price and Picture, laught at the Sum, and ſo paſt off.

Ang. No Matter, I'm not diſpleas'd with their rallying; their wonder feeds my vanity, and he that wiſhes to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price, can make my pleaſure.

Brav. Madam the laſt I knew through all his diſguiſes to be *Don Pedro*, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in *Pampalona*.

Ang. Don Pedro! my old Gallant's Nephew, when his Uncle dy'd he left him avaſt Sum of Money; it is he who was ſo in love with me at *Padua*, and who us'd to make the General ſo Jealous,

Moret. Is this he that us'd to prance before our Window, and take ſuch care to ſhew himſelf an Amorous Aſs? If I am not miſtaken he is the likelieſt Man to give your Price.

Ang. The Man is brave and generous, but of an humour ſo uneaſie and inconſtant, that the victory over his Heart is as ſoon loſt as won, a Slave that can add little to the Triumph of the Conquerour, but Inconſtancy's the ſin of all Mankind, therefore I'm reſolv'd that nothing but Gold, ſhall charm my heart.

Moret. I'm glad on't; 'tis only intereſt that Women of our profeſſion ought to conſider: tho I wonder what has kept you from that general Diſeaſe of our Sex ſo long I mean that of being in Love.

Ang. A kind, but ſullen Star under which I had the happineſs to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the braveſt and nobleſt of Mankind have purchaſt my favours at ſo dear a rate, as if no Coin but Gold were currant with our Trade – but here's *Don Pedro* again, fetch me my Lute – for 'tis for him or *Don Antonio* the Vice-Roys Son, that I have ſpread my Nts.

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, Stephano; Don Antonio *and* Diego *at the other Door with people following him in Maſquerade, antickly attir'd, ſome with Muſick, they both go up to the picture.*

Ant. A Thouſand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter'd her, I ſhou'd not think it dear.

Pedro. Flatter'd her! by Heaven he cannot. I have ſeen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than adorns her Face and Eyes; all this ſoft and ſweet, with a certain languiſhing Air, that no Artiſt can repreſent.

Ant. What I heard of her Beauty before had fir'd my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it a flame.

Pedro. Ha!

Page. Sir, I have known you throw away a Thousand Crowns on a worse face, and tho y'are near your Marriage, you may venture a little Love here; *Florinda*! — will not miss it.

Pedro. Ha! *Florinda!* sure 'tis *Antonio*.

Ant. *Florinda*! name those distant joys, there's not one thought of her will check my Passion here.

Pedro. *Florinda* scorn'd! and all my hopes defeated, of the Possession of *Angelica*. Her Injuries! by Heaven he shall not boast of.

[*A noise of a Lute above.*
[Ant *gazes up.*
[*Song to a Lute above*

SONG.

When Damond *first began to Love*
He languisht in a soft desire,
And knew not how the Gods to move,
To lessen or increase his Fire.
For Cælia *in her charming Eyes*
Wore all Love's sweet, and all his cruelties.

II.

But as beneath a Shade he lay,
Weaving of Flow'rs for Cælia's *hair,*
She chanc't to lead her Flock that way,
And saw the Am'rous Shepherd there.
She gaz'd around upon the place,
And saw the Grove (resembling Night)
To all the joys of Love invite,
Whilst guilty smiles and blushes dress her Face.
At this the bashful youth all Transport grew,
And with kind force he taught the Virgin how
To yield what all his sighs cou'd never do.

Ant. By Heav'n { Angellica *throws open the Curtains, and bows to* Antonio, *who pulls off his Vizard and bows and blows up kisses.* Pedro *unseen looks in's face.* she's charming fair!

Pedro. 'Tis he the false *Antonio*!

Ant. Friend, where must I pay my offring of Love? [*To the* Bravo. My Thousand Crowns I mean.

Pedro. That Offring I have design'd to make. And yours will come not late.

Ant. Prithee begone, I shall grow angry else. And then thou art too safe.

Pedro. My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours; And he that enters here may prove this truth.

Ant.

Ant. I know not who thou art, but I am ſure thou'rt worth my kil.ing, for aiming at *Angellica*. [*They draw and fight.*

Enter Willmore *and* Blunt, *who draw and part 'em.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

Will. Tilting for the Wench I'm ſure — nay gad, if that wou'd win her, I have as good a Sword as the beſt of ye. — Put up, — put up, and take another time and place, for this is deſign'd for Lovers only. [*They all put up.*

Pedro. We are prevented; dare you meet me to Morrow on the *Molo*?
For I've a Title to a better qarrel,
That of *Florinda*, in whoſe credulous heart
Thou'ſt, made an Int'reſt, and deſtroy'd my hopes.

Ant. Dare?
I'll meet thee there as early as the day.

Pedor We will come thus diſguis'd, that whoſoever chance to get the better, he may eſcape unknown.

Ant. It ſhall be ſo. [*Exit* Pedro *and* Sephano.
Who ſhou'd this Rival be? unleſs the *English* Colonel, of whom I've often heard *Don Pedro* ſpeak; it muſt be he, and time he were removed, who lays a claim to all my happineſs. [Willmore *having gaz'd all this while on the Picture, pulls down a little one.*

Will. This Poſture's looſe and negligent
The ſight on't wou'd beget a warm deſire,
In Souls whom Impotence and Age had chill'd.
——— Tyis muſt along with me.

Brav. What means this rudeneſs, Sir? — reſtore the Picture.

Ant. Ha! Rudeneſs committed to the fair *Angellica*!
— Reſtore the Picture, Sir ——

Will. Indeed I will not; Sir.

Ant. By Heav'n but you ſhall.

Will. Nay, do not ſhew your Sword, if you do by this dear Beauty——— I will ſhew mine too.

Ant. What right can you pretend to't

Will. That of poſſeſſion which I will maintain —— you perhaps have 1000 Crowns to give for the Original.

Ant. No matter, Sir, you ſhall reſtore the Picture.

Ang. Oh *Moretta*! what's the matter? [Ang. *and* Moret. *above.*

Ant. Or leave your life behind,

Will. Death! you lie — I will do neither.

Ang. Hold I command you, if for me you Fight.

{ *They Fight, the Spaniards joyn with* Ant. Blunt
{ *laying on like mad. They leave off and bow.*

Will. How Heavenly fair ſhe is!——— ah Plague of her price.

Ang. You Sir in Buff, you that appear a Soldier, that firſt began this inſolence ———

Will. 'Tis true, I did ſo, if you call it Inſolence for a Man to preſerve himſelf; I ſaw your Charming Picture and was wounded; quite through my Soul

Soul each pointed Beauty ran; and wanting a thousand Crowns to procure my remedy — I laid this little Picture to my Bosom —— which if you cannot allow me, I'll resign.

Ang. No, you may keep the Trifle.

Ant. You shall first ask me leave, and this. [*Fight again as before.*

Enter Belv. *and* Fred. *who joyn with the English.*

Ang. Hold; will you ruin me! — Beskey — *Sebestian* —part 'em.——— [*The Spaniards are beaten off.*

Moret. Oh Madam, we're undone, a pox upon that rude Fellow, he's set on to ruin us: we shall never see good days, till all these fighting poor Rogue are sent to the Gallies.

Enter Belvile, Blunt *and* Willmore *with shirts bloody.*

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins beat me at this sport, and I'll ne're wear Sword more.

Belv. The Devil's in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky Adventure——come let's be gone whilst we're safe, and remember these are *Spaniards*, a sort of people that know how to revenge an affront. [*To Will.*

Fred. You bleed! I hope you are not wounded.

Will. Not much:——— a plague upon your Dons, if they fight no better they'l ne're recover *Flanders.* —— what the Devil was't to them that I took down the Picture?

Blunt. Took it! 'Sheartlikins we'll have the great one too; 'tis ours by Conquest.——prithee help me up and I'll pull it down———

Ang. Stay Sir, and e're you affront me further, let me know how you durst commit this out-rage—— to you I speak Sir, for you appear like a Gentleman.

Will. To me Madam —— Gentlemen you Servant. [Belv. *stays him.*

Belv. Is the Devil in thee? do'st know the danger of entering the house of an incens'd *Courtizan*?

Will. I thank you for your care ——— but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation ——Death! let me go.

Fred. Yes to your Lodging if you will, but not in here.

—— Damn these gay Harlots—by this hand I'll have as sound and handsome a Whore for a Patacoone,—death Man, she'll Murder thee.

Will. Oh! fear me not, shall I not venture where a Beauty calls? a Lovely Charming Beauty! for fear of danger! when by Heaven there's none so great as to long for her, whilst I want Money to purchase her.

Pedro. Therefore 'tis loss of time, unless you had the thousand Crowns to pay.

Will. It may be she may give a Favour, at least I shall have the pleasure of Saluting her when I enter, and when I depart.

Belv. Pox, she'll as soon lye with thee, as kiss thee, and sooner stab than do either——you shall not go.

Ang. Fear not, Sir, all I have to wound with, is my Eyes.

Blunt. Let him go, 'Sheartlikins, I believe the Gentlewoman means well.

Belv. Well take thy Fortune, we'll expect you in the next street ——farewell Fool———Farewell ———

Will.

Will. Buy Colonel——— (*Goes in.*

Fred. The Rogues ſtark mad for a Wench. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *A fine Chamber.*

Enter Willmore, Angelica *and* Moretta.

Ang. Inſolent, Sir, how durſt you pull down my Picture?

Will. Rather how durſt you ſet it up, to tempt poor Am'rous Mortals with ſo much excellence? which I find you have but too well conſulted by the unmerciful price you ſet upon't.——Is all this Heaven of Beauty ſhewn to move diſpair in thoſe that cannot buy? and can you think the effects of that deſpair, ſhou'd be leſs extravagant than I have ſhewn?

Ang. I ſent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to Aggravate your Crime—I thought I ſhou'd have ſeen you at my Feet imploring it.

Will. You are deceived. I came to rail at you, and rail ſuch truths too, as ſhall let you ſee the vanity of that Pride, which taught you how, to ſet ſuch Price on 'em.

For ſuch it is, whilſt that which is Loves due.
Is meanly barter'd for.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, alas good Captain, what pitty 'tis your edifying Doctrine will do no good upon me—*Moretta*! fetch the Gentleman a Glaſs, and let him ſurveigh himſelf. To ſee what Charms he has—and gueſs my buſineſs. [*Aſide in a ſoft tone.*

Moret. He knows himſelf of Old, I believe thoſe Breeches and he have been acquainted ever ſince he was beaten at *Worceſter*.

Ang. Nay do but abuſe the poor Creature———

Moret. Good weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your Doctrine, tho you have of our Charity, but at preſent we have no ſcraps, we can afford no kindneſs for God's ſake; in fine Sarrah, the price is too high i'th Month for you, therefore Troop I ſay.

Will. Here good Fore-Woman of the Shop ſerve me, and I'll be gone.

Moret. Keep it to pay your Landreſs, your Linnen ſtinks of the Gun-Room; for here's no ſelling by retail.

Will. Thou haſt ſold plenty of thy Stale Ware at a Cheap rate.

Moret. Ay the more Silly kind Heart I, but this is an Age wherein Beauty is at higher rates ——— In fine you know the price of this.

Will. I grant you 'tis here——ſet down a thouſand Crowns a Month ——Pawd take your black Lead and Sum it up, that I may have Piſtole worth of theſe vain gay things, and I'll trouble you no more.

Moret. Pox on him he'll fret me to death: ——abominable Fellow, I tell thee, we only ſell by the whole piece.

Will. 'Tis very heard, the whole Cargo or nothing——Faith, Madam, my ſtock will not reach it, I cannot be your Chapman——Yet I have Countrymen in Town, Merchants of Love like me; I'll ſee if they'll put for a ſhare, we cannot loſe much by it, and what we have no uſe for, we'll ſell upon the *Frydays* Mart at—*Who gives more*? I am ſtudying, Madam, how to purchaſe you, tho at preſent I am unprovided of Money.

Ang.

Ang. Sure this from any other Man would anger me——nor ſhall he know the Conqueſt he has made ——poor angry Man, how I deſpiſe this railing.

Will. Yes, I am poor— but I'm a Gentleman,
And one that Scorns this baſeneſs which you practice;
Poor as I am, I would not ſell my ſelf,
No, not to gain your Charming high-priz'd Perſon.
Tho I admire you ſtrangely for your Beauty,
Yet I contemn your mind.
——— And yet I would at any rate enjoy you,
At your own rate — but cannot ——— ſee here
The only Sum I can command on Earth;
I know not where to eat when this is gone.
Yet ſuch a Slave I am to Love and Beauty,
This laſt I'll ſacrifice to enjoy you.
—— Nay do not frown, I know you are to be bought,
And wou'd be bought by me, by me,
For a mean triffling ſum if I could pay it down.
Which happy knowledge I will ſtill repeat,
And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in't,
And ſoon will curſe thoſe wounds your Eyes have made.
—And yet— there's ſomething ſo Divinely powerful there—
Nay I will gaze —— to let you ſee my ſtrength.
[*Holds her, looks on her, and pawſes and ſighs.*
—By Heaven bright Creature——I would not for the world
Thy Fame were half ſo fair as thy Face. [*Turns her away from him.*

Ang. His words go through me to the very Soul. [*Aſide.*
——If you have nothing elſe to ſay to me

Will. Yes, you ſhall hear how infamous you are—
For which I do not hate thee
But that ſecures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels
Are but ſo many Luſts
I know it by their ſudden bold intruſion.
The Fire's Impatient and betrays, 'tis falſe ———
For had it been the purer flame of Love,
I ſhould have pin'd and languiſht at your Feet,
E're found the impudence to have diſcover'd it.
I now dare ſtand your ſcorn and your denial.

Mort. Sure ſhe's bewitcht, that ſhe can ſtand thus tamely and hear his ſawcy railing. —— Sirrah, will you be gone?

Ang. How dare you take this liberty? —— Withdraw. (*To* Mor.
—— Pray tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the ſame mercenary Crime? When a Lady is propoſed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair —— diſcreet —— or virtuous ſhe is; but, what's her Fortune ——— which if but ſmall, you cry —— She will not do my buſineſs ——— and baſely leave her, tho' ſhe languish for you ——— ſay, is not this as poor? *Will.*

Will. It is a barbarous Cuſtom, which I will ſcorn to defend in our Sex, and do deſpiſe in yours.

Ang. Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know,
That were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul,
Thou ſhouldſt not buy my Love,
Couldſt thou forget thoſe mean Effects of Vanity
Which ſet me out to ſale, and, as a Lover, prize my yielding Joys.
Canſt thou believe they'l be entirely thine,
Without conſidering they were mercenary?

Will. I cannot tell, I muſt bethink me firſt —— ha —— death, I'm going to believe her. (*Aſide.*

Ang. Prithee confirm that Faith —— or if thou canſt not —— flatter me a little, 'twill pleaſe me from thy mouth.

Will. Curſe on thy charming Tongue! doſt thou return
My feign'd Contempt with ſo much ſubtilty? (*Aſide.*
Thou'ſt found the eaſieſt way into my Heart,
Tho I yet know that all thou ſayſt is falſe. (*Turning from her in Rage.*

Ang. By all that's good 'tis real,
I never lov'd before, tho oft a Miſtreſs.
—— Shall my firſt Vows be ſlighted? (*Aſide.*

Will. What can ſhe mean? (*Aſide.*

Ang. I find you cannot credit me. —— (*In an angry tone*

Will. I know you take me for an errant Aſs,
An Aſs that may be ſooth'd into belief,
And then be us'd at pleaſure;
— But, Madam, I have been ſo often cheated
By perjur'd, ſoft, deluding Hypocrites,
That I've no Faith left for the cozening Sex,
Eſpecially for Women of your Trade.

Ang. The low eſteem you have of me, perhaps
May bring my Heart again:
For I have Pride that yet ſurmounts my Love. (*She turns with pride, he holds her.*

Will. Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliſs,
And ſhew the power of Love: 'tis with thoſe Arms
I can be only vanquisht, made a Slave.

Ang. Is all my mighty Expectation vaniſht?
— No, I will not hear thee talk, — thou haſt a Charm
In e'ery word that draws my Heart away.
And all the Thouſand Trophies I deſign'd
Thou haſt undone. —— Why art thou ſoft?
Thy Looks are brave'y rough, and meant for War.
Couldſt thou not ſtorm on ſtill?
I then perhaps had been as free as thou.

Will. Death! how she throws her Fire about my Soul! (*Aſide.*
——Take heed, fair Creature, how you raiſe my hopes,

Which once aſſum'd, pretends to all Dominion.
There's not a Joy thou haſt in ſtore
I ſhall not then command.
— For which I'll pay thee back my Soul, my Life!
— Come, let's begin th' account this happy minute.

Ang. And will you pay me then the price I ask?

Will. Oh, why doſt thou draw me from an awful Worship,
By ſhewing thou art no Divinity.
Conceal the Fiend, and ſhew me all the Angel;
Keep me but ignorant, and I'll be devout
And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine. (*Kneels and kiſſes her Hand.*

Ang. The pay I mean is, but thy Love for mine.
— Can you give that?

Will. Intirely — come, let's withdraw: where I'll renew my Vows — and breath 'em with ſuch Ardour thou ſhalt not doubt my zeal.

Ang. Thou haſt a pow'r too ſtrong to be reſiſted.

(*Ex.* Will. *and* Angellica.

Moret. Now my Curſe go with you — is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy to our Trade? nay, to love ſuch a Shameroon, a very Beggar, nay, a Pyrate Beggar, whoſe Buſineſs is to rifle and be gone, a *No Purchaſe no Pay* Tatterdemalion, and *Engliſh* Piccaroon.
A Rogue that fights for daily drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally louſie. ------ Oh, I could curſe now, if I durſt. ---------- This is the Fate of moſt Whores.

Trophies, which from believing Fops we win,
Are Spoils to thoſe who couzen us agen.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Florinda, Valeria, Hellena, *in Antick different Dreſſes from what they were in before.* Callis *attending.*

Flor. I Wonder what ſhould make my Brother in ſo ill a humour: I hope he has not found out our Ramble this morning.

Hell. No, if he had, we ſhould have heard on't at both Ears, and have been mew'd up this Afternoon; which I would not for the World ſhould have hapned. ---- Hey ho! I'm as ſad as a Lovers Lute.

Val. Well, methinks we have learnt this Trade of Gipſies as readily as if we had been bred upon the Road to *Loretta*; and yet I did ſo fumble, when I told the Stranger his Fortune, that I was afraid I ſhould have told my own

and

and yours by miſtake ——— but methinks *Hellena* has been very ſerious ever ſince.

Flor. I would give my Garters ſhe were in Love, to be reveng'd upon her, for abuſing me. —— How is't, *Hellena?*

Hell. Ah! — would I had never ſeen my mad Monſieur, — and yet for all your laughing I am not in Love — and yet this ſmall acquaintance, o' my Conſcience, will never out of my head.

Val. Ha, ha, ha,— I laugh to think how thou art fitted with a Lover, a fellow that, I warrant, loves every new Face he ſees.

Hell. Hum — he has not kept his word with me here —— and may be taken up —— that Thought is not very pleaſant to me — what the duce ſhould this be now that I feel?

Val. What is't like?

Hell. Nay, the Lord knows —— but if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot chuſe but be angry and afraid, when I think that mad fellow ſhould be in love with any body but me — what to think of my ſelf I know not — would I could meet with ſome true damn'd Gipſie, that I might know my Fortune.

Val. Know it! why there's nothing ſo eaſie: thou wilt love this wandring Inconſtant till thou findſt thy ſelf hang'd about his Neck, and then be as mad to get free again.

Flor. Yes, *Valeria*; we ſhall ſee her beſtride his Baggage-horſe, and follow him to the Campaign.

Hell. So, ſo; now you are provided for, there's no care taken of poor me. — But ſince you have ſet my Heart a wiſhing, — I am reſolv'd to know for what; I will not dye of the Pip, ſo I will not.

Flor. Art thou mad to talk ſo? Who will like thee well enough to have thee, that hears what a mad Wench thou art?

Hell. Like me! I don't intend every he that likes me ſhall have me, but he that I like: I ſhould have ſtaid in the Nunnery ſtill, if I had lik'd my Lady Abbeſs as well as ſhe lik'd me. — No, I came thence not (as my wiſe Brother imagines) to take an Eternal Farewel of the World, but to love and to be belov'd; and I will be belov'd, or I'll get one of your Men, ſo I will.

Val. Am I put into the number of Lovers?

Hell. You! why Couz, I know thou art too good natur'd to leave us in any deſign: thou wou't venture a Caſt, tho thou comeſt off a loſer, eſpecially with ſuch a Gameſter. — I obſerve your Man, and your willing Ears incline that way; and if you are not a Lover, 'tis an Art ſoon learnt, ——— that I find. (*Sighs.*)

Flor. I wonder how you learnt to love ſo eaſily, I had a thouſand Charms to meet my Eyes and Ears, e're I could yield; and 'twas the knowledge of *Belvile*'s Merit, not the ſurprizing Perſon, took my Soul — thou art too raſh to give a Heart at firſt ſight.

Hell. Hang your conſidering Lover; I never thought beyond the Fancy, that 'twas a very pretty, idle, ſilly kind of Pleaſure to paſs ones time with, to write little, ſoft, nonſenſical Billets, and with great difficulty and danger receive

Anſwers; in which I ſhall have my Beauty prais'd, my Wit admir'd (tho little or none) and have the Vanity and Power to know I am deſirable; then I have the more inclination that way, becauſe I am to be a Nun, and ſo ſhall not be ſuſpected to have any ſuch earthly Thoughts about me, — but when I walk thus, — and ſigh thus, — they'l think my Mind's upon my Monaſtery, and cry, how happy 'tis ſhe's ſo reſolv'd!

—— But not a word of Man.

Flor. What a mad Creature's this!

Hell. I'll warrant, if my Brother hears either of you ſigh, he cries (gravely) —— I fear you have the indiſcretion to be in love, but take heed of the Honour of our Houſe, and your own unſpotted Fame; and ſo he conjures on till he has laid the ſoft-wing'd God in your Hearts, or broke the Birds-neſt.—— But ſee here comes your Lover, but where's my Inconſtant? let's ſtep aſide, and we may learn ſomething. [*Go aſide.*

Enter Belvile, Fred. *and* Blunt.

Belv. What means this? the Picture's taken in.

Blunt. It may be the Wench is good natur'd, and will be kind *gratis*. Your Friend's a proper handſom fellow.

Belv. I rather think ſhe has cut his Throat and is fled: I am mad he ſhould throw himſelf into dangers.—— Pox on't, I ſhall want him to night, — let's knock and ask for him.

Hell. My Heart goes a-pit, a-pat, for fear 'tis my Man they talk of.

[*Knock*, Moretta *above.*

Moret. What would you have?

Bel. Tell the Stranger that enter'd here about two hours ago, that his friends ſtay here for him.

Moret. A Curſe upon him for *Moretta*, would he were at the Devil — but he's coming to you.

Hell. I, I, 'tis he: Oh how this vexes me!

Bel. And how, and how, dear Lad, has Fortune ſmil'd? Are we to break her Windows, or raiſe up Altars to her? hah!

Will. Does not my Fortune ſit triumphant on my Brow? doſt not ſee the little wanton God there all gay and ſmiling? Have I not an Air about my Face and Eyes, that diſtinguiſh me from the Crowd of common Lovers? By Heav'n *Cupid*'s Quiver has not half ſo many Darts as her Eyes.— Oh ſuch a *Bona Roba*, to ſleep in her Arms is lying in Freſco, all perfum'd Air about me.

Hell. Here's fine encouragement for me to fool on. (*Aſide.*

Will. Hark ye where didſt thou purchaſe that rich Canary we drank to day? Tell me, that I may adore the Spigot, and ſacrifice to the Butt: the Juice was divine, into which I muſt dip my Roſary, and then bleſs all things that I would have bold or fortunate.

Belv. Well, Sir, let's go take a Bottle, and hear the Story of your Succeſs.

Fred. Would not *French* Wine do better?

Will. Damn the hungry Balderdaſh, cheerful Sack has a generous Vertue in't, inſpiring a ſucceſsful Confidence, gives Eloquence to the Tongue, and Vi-

Vigour to the Soul! and has in a few hours Compleated all my hopes and wiſhes! there's nothing left to raiſe a new deſire in me —— come let's be gay and wanton ——— and Gentlemen, ſtudy, ſtudy what you want, for here are Friends, —— that will ſupply Gentlemen, —— hark! what a charming ſound they make ——— 'tis he and the Gold whilſt here, and ſhall beget new pleaſures every moment.

Blunt. But hark ye Sir, you are not Married are you?

Will. All the honey of Matrimony, but none of the ſting Friend.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins thou'rt a Fortunate Rogue!

Will. I am ſo Sir, let theſe ——inform you! —ha how ſweetly they Chime! pox of Poverty it makes a Man a Slave, makes Wit and Honour ſneak, my Soul grew lean and ruſty for want of credit.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins this I like well, it looks like my lucky Bargain! oh how I long for the approach of my Squire, that is to conduct me to her houſe again whe here s two provided for.

Fred. By this light y're happy Men.

Blunt. Fortune is pleaſed to ſmile on us, Gentlemen, ——— to ſmile on us.

Enter Sancho, *and pulls down* Blunt *by the Sleeve.*

Sancho. Sir, my Lady expects [*They go aſide.*
you — ſhe has remov'd all that might oppoſe your will and pleaſure ——— and is impatient till you come.

Blunt. Sir I'll attend you —— oh the happieſt Rogue! I'll take no leave, leaſt they either dog me, or ſtay me, [*Ex. with* Sancho.

Belv. But then the little Gipſie is forgot?

Will. A miſchief on thee for putting her into my thoughts, I had quite forgot her elſe, and this Nights debauch had drunk her quite down.

Hel. Had it ſo, good Captain! [*Claps him on the back.*

Will. Hah! I hope ſhe did not hear me. (*Aſide.*

Hel. What afraid of ſuch a Champion?

Will. Oh! you're a fine Lady of your word, are you not? to make a man languiſh a whole day ———

Hel. In tedious ſearch of me.

Will. Egad Child thou'rt in the right, hadſt thou ſeen what a Melancholy Dog I have been e er ſince I was a Lover, how I have walkt the ſtreets like a *Capuchin*, with my hands in my Sleeves—Faith ſweetheart thou would'ſt pitty me.

Hel. Now if I ſhould be hang'd I can't be angry with him he diſſembles ſo Heartily —— alas good Captain, what pains you have taken—now were I ungrateful not to reward ſo true a Servant.

Will. Poor ſoul! that s kindly ſaid, I ſee thou bareſt a Conſcience —— come, then for a beginning ſhew me thy dear Face.

Hel. I'm afraid, my ſmall acquaintance, you have been ſtaying that ſwinging ſtomach you boaſted of this morning; I then remember my little Collation would have gone down with you, without the Sauce of a handſome Face —— is your Stomach ſo queaſie now?

Will.

Will. Faith long fasting Child spoils a Mans Appetite — yet if you durst treat, I could so lay about me still —.

Hel. And would you fall to, before a Priest says Grace?

Will. Oh fie, fie, what an old out of fashion'd thing hast thou nam'd? thou cou'lt not dash me more out of Countenance: shou'dst thou shew me an ugly Face. (*Whilst he is seemingly Courting* Heilena.

Enter Angellica, Moretta, Biskey *and* Sebastian *all in Masquerade*, Ang. *sees* Will. *and stares.*

Ang. Heavens it's he! and passionately fond to see another Woman.

Moret. What cou'd you less expect from such a swaggerer?

Ang. Expect! as much as I paid him, a Heart intire
Which I had Pride enough to think when e're I gave,
It would have rais'd the man above the Vulgar,
Made him all Soul! and that all soft and constant.

Hel. You see Captain, how willing I am to be friends with you, till time and ill luck make us Lovers, and ask you the Question first, rather than put your modesty to the blush, by asking me (for alas,) I know you Captains are such strict men, severe observers of your Vows to Chastity, that twill be hard to prevail with your tender Conscience to Marry a young willing Maid.

Will. Do not abuse me, for fear I should take thee at thy word, and Marry thee indeed, which I'm sure will be revenge sufficient.

Hel. O'my Conscience, that will be our Destiny, because we are both of one humour; I am as inconstant as you, for I have considered, Captain, that a handsome Woman has a great deal to do whilst her Face is good, for then is our Harvest-time to gather Friends; and should I in these days of my youth, catch a fit of foolish Constancy, I were undone; 'tis loitering by day-light in our great Journey: therefore declare, I'll allow but one year for Love, one year for indifference, and one year for hate ——— and then — go hang your self — for I profess my self the gay, the kind, and the inconstant — the Devil's in't if this wont please you.

Will. Oh most damnably ——— I have a heart with a hole quite through it too, no Prison mine to keep a Mistress in.

Ang. Perjured Man! how I believe thee now. (*Aside*

Hel. Well, I see our business as well as humours are alike, yours to couzen as many Maids as will trust you, and I as many Men as have Faith —— see if I have not as desperate a lying look, as you can have for the heart of you. (*Pulls off her Vizard, he starts.*

——— How do you like it Captain?

Will. Like it! by Heav'n, I never saw so much Beauty! Oh the Charms o' those sprightly black Eyes, that strangely fair Face! full of smiles and dimples! those soft round melting Cherry Lips! and small even white Teeth! not to be expresst, but silently adored! oh one look more! and strike me dumb, or I shall repeat nothing else till I am mad.

(*He seems to Court her to pull off her Vizar: she refuses.*

Ang.

Ang. I can endure no more—nor is it fit to interrupt him, for if I do, my Jealouſie has ſo deſtroyd my Reaſon,—I ſhall undo him—therefore I'll retire, and you, *Sebaſtian*, (*To one of her* Bravo's. follow that Woman, and learn who 'tis; while you tell the Fugative, I would ſpeak to him inſtantly. (*To the other* Bravo. (*Exit.*

(*This while* Flor. *is talking to* Belvile, *who ſtands ſullenly.* Fred. *courting* Valeria.

Val. Prithee dear ſtranger, be not ſo ſullen, for tho you have loſt your Love, you ſee my Friend frankly offers you hers, to play with in the mean time.

Bel. Faith, Madam, I am ſorry I can't play at her Game.

Fred. Pray leave your interceſſion, and mind your own Affair, they'l better agree apart; he's a modeſt ſigher in Company, but alone no Woman ſcapes him.

Flor. Sure he does but rally——yet if it ſhould be true—I'll tempt him farther believe me, Noble ſtranger, I'm no common Miſtris—and for a little proof on't——wear this Jewel——nay, take it, Sir, 'tis right, and Bills of Exchange may ſometimes miſcarry.

Belv. Madam, why am I choſe out of all Mankind to be the Object of your Bounty?

Val. There's another civil Queſtion askt.

Fred. Pox of's modeſty, it ſpoils his own Markets and hinders mine.

Flor. Sir, from my Window I have often ſeen you, and Women of Quality have ſo few opportunities for Love, that we ought to loſe none.

Fred. Ay, this is ſomething! here's a Woman!——when ſhall I be bleſt with ſo much kindneſs from your fair Mouth?—take the Jewel, Fool.

(*Aſide to* Belv.

Belv. You tempt me ſtrangely Madam, every way——

Flor. So, if I find him falſe, my whole repoſe is gone. (*Aſide.*

Belv. And but for a Vow I've made to a very Lady, this goodneſs had ſubdu'd me.

Fred. Pox on't, be kind, in pitty to me be kind, for I am to thrive here but as you treat her Friend.

Hel. Tell me what you did in yonder Houſe, and I'll unmaſque.

Will. Yonder Houſe——oh——I went to—a——to——why there's a Friend of mine lives there.

Hell. What a She, or a He Friend?

Will. A Man upon Honour! a Man—a She Friend—no, no, Madam you you have done my buſineſs, I thank you.

Hell. And was't your Man Friend, that had more Darts in's Eyes than *Cupid* carries in's whole Budget of Arrows.

Will. So——.

Hell. Ah ſuch a *Bona Roba!* to be in her Arms is lying in *Freſco*, all perfumed Air about me——was this your Man Friend too?

Will. So——

Hell.

Hell. That gave you the He, and the She-Gold, that begets young pleaſures.

Will. Well, well Madam, then you ſee there are Ladies in the World, that will not be cruel—there are Madam, there are———

Hell. And there be men too, as fine, wild inconſtant Fellows as your ſelf, there be Captain, there be, if you go to that now——therefore I'm reſolv'd—

VVill. Oh!———

Hell. To ſee your Face no more———

VVill. Oh!

Hell. Till to morrow.

Will. Egad you frighted me.

Hell. Nor then neither, unleſs you'll ſwear never to ſee that Lady more.

VVill. See her :——— whe never to think of Womankind again?

Hel. Kneel,—— and ſwear——— (*Kneels, ſhe gives him her hand.*

VVill. I do never to think——— to ſee——— to love——— nor lye with any but thy ſelf.

Hel. Kiſs the Book.

VVill. Oh, moſt religiouſly. (*Kiſſes her hand.*

Hel. Now what a wicked Creature am I, to damn a proper fellow.

Call. Madam, I'll ſtay no longer, 'tis e en dark. (*To* Flor.

Flor. However, Sir, I'll leave this with you —— that when I'm gone, you may repent the Opportunity you have loſt by your Modeſty.

(*Gives him the Jewel, which is her Picture, and* Ex. *he gazes after her.*

VVill. 'Twill be an Age till to morrow,—— and till then I will moſt impatiently expect you——Adieu, my dear pretty *Angell.* (*Ex. all the women.*

Belv. Ha! *Florinda*'s picture!—'twas ſhe her ſelf,—what a dull Dog was I? I would have given the World for one minutes diſcourſe with her.—

Fred. This comes of your Modeſty,---- ah pox on your Vow, 'twas ten to one but we had loſt the Jewel by't.

Belv. *VVillmore*! the bleſſedſt Opportunity loſt! *Florinda*! Friends! *Florinda*!

VVill. Ah Rogue! ſuch black Eyes, ſuch a Face, ſuch a Mouth, ſuch Teeth,—and ſo much Wit!

Belv. All, all, and a Thouſand Charms beſides.

VVill. Why, doſt thou know her?

Belv. Know her! ay, ay, and a Pox take me with all my Heart for being Modeſt.

VVill. But hearke ye, Friend of mine, are you my Rival? And have I been only beating the Buſh all this while?

Belv. I underſtand thee not—I'm mad—ſee here— [*Shews the Picture.*

VVill. Ha! whoſe Picture is this?——'tis a fine Wench.

Fred. The Colonel's Miſtris, Sir.

VVill. Oh, oh, here——I thought 't had been another prize——come, come, a Bottle will ſet thee right again. (*Gives the Picture back.*

Belv.

Belv. I am content to try, and by that time 'twill be late enough for our Design.

Will. Agreed.

Love does all day the Soul's great Empire keep,
But Wine at night lulls the soft God asleep. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Lucetta's *House.*

Enter Blunt *and* Lucetta *with a Light.*

Luc. Now we are safe and free, no fears of the coming home of my old jealous Husband, which made me a little thoughtful when you came in first — but now Love is all the business of my Soul.

Blunt. I am transported —— Pox on t, that I had but some fine things to say to her, such as Lovers use,—— I was a Fool not to learn of *Fred.* a little by heart before I came —— something I must say. —— (*Aside.*
Sheartlikins, sweet Soul, I am not us'd to complement, but I'm an honest Gentleman, and thy humble Servant.

Luc. I have nothing to pay for so great a Favour, but such a Love as cannot but be great, since at first sight of that sweet Face and Shape it made me your absolute Captive.

Blunt. Kind heart, how prettily she talks! Egad I'll shew her Husband a *Spanish* Trick; send him out of the World, and marry her: she's damnably in love with me, and will ne'er mind Settlements, and so there's that sav'd. (*Aside*

Luc. Well, Sir, I'll go and undress me, and be with you instantly.

Blunt. Make haste then, for 'dsheartlikins, dear Soul, thou canst not guess at the pain of a longing Lover, when his Joys are drawn within the compass of a few minutes.

Luc. You speak my sence, and I'll make haste to provide it. (*Aside.*

Blunt. 'Tis a rare Girl, and this one nights enjoyment with her will be worth all the days I ever past in *Essex*, — would she'd go with me into *England*, tho to say truth there's plenty of VVhores already. — But a Pox on 'em, they — are such mercenary prodigal VVhores, that they want such a one as this, that's free and generous to give 'em good Examples: — Whe what a House she has! how rich and fine!

Sancho. Sir, my Lady has sent me to conduct you to her Chamber. (*Ex.* San.

Blunt. Sir, I shall be proud to follow — here's one of her servants too: 'dsheartlikins, by his Garb and Gravity he might be a Justice of Peace in *Essex*, and is but a Pimp here. (*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to a Chamber with an Alcove-bed in it, a Table, &c. Lucetta *in Bed. Enter* Sancho *and* Blunt, *who takes the Candle of* Sanch. *at the door.*

Sancho. Sir, my Commission reaches no farther.

Blunt. Sir, I'll excuse your Complement: — what, in bed, my sweet Mistris?

Luc. You ſee, I ſtill out-do you in kindneſs.

Blunt. And thou ſhalt ſee what haſte I'll make to quit ſcores—oh the luckieſt Rogue! [*undreſſes himſelf.*

Luc. Shou'd you be falſe or cruel now!

Blunt. Falſe Sheartſikins, what doſt thou take me for? *Jew*? an inſenſible heathen—a Pox of thy old Jealous Husband, an he were dead, Egad, ſweet Soul, it ſhou'd be none of my fault, if I did not Marry thee.

Luc. It never ſhould be mine.

Blunt. Good Sould! I'm the fortunateſt Dog!

Luc. Are you not undreſt yet?

Blunt. As much as my impatience will permit. [*Goes towards the Bed in his Shirt, Drawers.*

Luc. Hold, Sir, put out the Light, it may betray us elſe.

Blunt. Any thing, I need no other Light, but that of thine Eyes!—'sheartlikins, there I think I had it. [*Puts out the Candle, the Bed deſcends, he groaps about to find it.*

—Whe—whe—where am I got? what not yet?—where are you ſweeteſt?—ah, the Rogue's ſilent now—a pretty Love trick this—how ſhe'll laugh at me anon!—you need not, my dear Rogue! you need not! I'm all on fire already—come, come, now call me in pity.—Sure I'm Enchanted! I have been round the Chamber, and can find neither Woman, nor Bed—I lockt the Door, I'm ſure ſhe cannot go that way—or if ſhe cou'd, the Bed cou'd not—Enough, enough, my pretty wanton, do not carry the jeſt too far—ha, Betraid! Dogs! Rogues! imps!—help! help! [*Lights on a Trap, and is let down.*

Enter Lucetta, Phillippo, *and* Sancho *with a Light.*

Phill. Ha, ha, ha, he's diſpatcht finely.

Luc. Now, Sir, had I been Coy, we had miſt of this Booty.

Phill. Nay, when I ſaw 'twas a ſubſtantial Fool, I was mollified; but when you doat upon a Serenading Coxcomb, upon a Face, fine Cloaths, and a Lute, it makes me rage.

Luc. You know I never was guilty of that Folly, my dear *Phillipo*, but with your ſelf—but come let's ſee what we have got by this.

Phil. A rich Coat!—Sword and Hat—theſe Breeches too—are well lin'd!—ſee here a Gold Watch!—a Purſe ha!—Gold!—at leaſt Two Hundred Piſtoles!—a bunch of Diamond Rings; and one with the Family Arms!—a Gold Box!—with a Medal of his King! and his Lady Mother's Picture!—theſe were ſacred Reliques, believe me!—ſee, the Waſteband of his Breeches have a Mine of Gold!—Old Queen *Beſſ*'s, we have a quarrel to her ever ſince *Eighty Eight*, and may therefore juſtifie the Theft, the Inquiſition might have committed it.

Luc.—See, a Bracelet of bow'd Gold, theſe his Siſter ty'd about his Arm at parting—but well—for all this, I fear his being a Stranger, may make a noiſe and hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

Phil.

Phil. That's our ſecurity; he is not only a Stranger to us, but to the Countrey too — the Common Shoar into which he is deſcended, thou knowſt, conducts him into another Street, which this Light will hinder him from ever finding again — he knows neither your Name, nor that the Street where your Houſe is, nay nor the way to his own Lodgings.

Luc. And art not thou an unmerciful Rogue, not to afford him one Night for all thi ? ——— I ſhou'd not have been ſuch a *Jew*.

Phil. Blame not *Luceta*, to keep as much of t ee as I can to my ſelf——— come, that thought makes me wanton, ——let's to Bed, ——— *Sancho* lock up theſe.

This is the Fleece which Fools do bear,
Deſign'd for witty Men to ſhare. (*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes, and diſcovers Blunt, *creeping out of a Common-Shoar, his Face*, &c. *all dirty.*

Blunt. Oh Lord ! (*Climbing up.*
I am got out at laſt, and (which is a Miracle) without a Clue — and now to Damning and Curſing,——but if that would eaſe me, where ſhall I begin ? with my Fortune, my ſelf, or the Quean that couzen'd me—— what a Dog was I to believe in Woman ? oh Coxcomb ——Ignorant conceited Coxcomb ! to fancy ſhe cou'd be enamour'd with my Perſon, at the firſt ſight enamour'd—— oh, I'm a curſed Puppy, 'tis plain, Fool was writ upon my Forehead, ſhe perceiv'ds it, ——— ſaw the *Eſſex* Calf there —— for what Allurements cou'd there be in this Countenance ? which I can indure, becauſe I'm acquainted with it———oh, dull ſilly Dog ! to be thus ſooth'd into a Couzening ! had I been drunk I might fondly have credited the young Quean ! — but as I was in my right Wits, to be thus cheated, confirms I am a dull believeing *Engliſh* Countiy Fop ——— but my Comrades ! Death and the Devil there's the worſt of all —— then a Ballad will be Sung to Morrow on the *Prado*, to a Louſie Tune of the Enchanted 'Squire, and the Annihilated Damſel ———but *Fred.* that Rogue ! and the Colonel, will abuſe me beyond all Chriſtian patience —— had ſhe left me my Clothes, I have a Bill of Exchange at home wou'd have ſav'd my (redit — but now all hope is taken from me — well, I'll home (if I can find the way) with this Conſolation, that I am not the firſt kind believing Coxcomb; but there are Gallants many ſuch good Natures amongſt ye.

And tho you've better Arts to hide your Follies,
Adsheartlikins y'are all as errant Cullies.

SCENE, *the Garden, in the Night.*

Enter Florinda *in an Undreſs, with a Key and a little Box.*

Flor. Well, thus far I'm in my way to happineſs; I have got my ſelf free from *Callis*: my Brother too, I find by yonder light, is got into his Cabinet, and thinks not of me: I have by good Fortune got the Key of the Garden back-door, ——— I'll open it, to prevent *Belvile*'s knocking, — a little noiſe will now alarm my Brother. Now am I as fearful as a young Thief. [*unlocks the Door*] — Heark, — what noiſe is that? — Oh, 'twas the Wind that plaid amongſt the Boughs. ——— *Belvile* ſtays long, methinks — it's time — ſtay —— for fear of a ſurprize, ——— I'll hide theſe Jewels in yonder Jeſſamin. (*She goes to lay down the Box.*

Enter Willmore *drunk.*

Will. What the Devil is become of theſe fellows, *Belvile* and *Frederick*? They promiſ'd to ſtay at the next corner for me, but who the Devil knows the corner of a Full Moon? ——— Now —— whereabouts am I! — hah — What have we here, a Garden! — a very convenient place to ſleep in — hah —— what has God ſent us here! —— a Female! — by this light, a Woman: ——— I'm a Dog if it be not a very Wench. ———

Flor. He's come! — h h, ——— who's there?

Will. Sweet Soul, let me ſalute thy Shoe-ſtring.

Flor. 'Tis not my *Belvile* — good Heavens, I know him not. —— Who are you, and from whence come you?

Will. Prithee — prithee Child — not ſo many hard Queſtions — let it ſuffice I am here, Child. — Come, come kiſs me.

Flor. Good Gods! what luck is mine?

Will. Only good luck Child, parlous good luck. — Come hither, — 'tis a delicate ſhining Wench, — by this hand ſhe's perfum'd, and ſmells like any Roſemary. ——— Prithee, dear Soul, let's not play the Fool, and loſe time — precious time — for as Gad ſhall ſave me, I'm as honeſt a fellow as breathes, tho I'm a little diſguis'd at preſent. ——— Come, I ſay — whe, thou maiſt be free with me, I'll be very ſecret. I'll not boaſt who 'twas oblig'd me, not I — for hang me if I know thy Name.

Flor. Heavens! what a filthy beaſt is this?

Will. I am ſo, and thou oughtſt the ſooner to lye with me for that reaſon, —— for look you Child, there will be no ſin in't, becauſe 'twas neither deſign'd nor premeditated; 'tis pure Accident on both ſides ——— that's a certain thing now ——— indeed ſhould I make Love to you, and you vow Fidelity ——— and ſwear and lye till you believ'd and yielded — that were to make it wilful Fornication — the crying Sin of the Nation. —— Thou art therefore (as thou art a good Chriſtian) oblig'd in Conſcience to deny me nothing. Now — come, be kind, without any more idle prating.

Flor.

Flor. Oh, I am ruin'd, ——— wicked man, unhand me.

Will. Wicked! — Egad Child, a Judge, were he young and vigorous, and ſaw thoſe Eyes of thine, would know 'twas they gave the firſt blow — the firſt provocation. —— Come, prithee let's loſe no time, I ſay — this is a fine convenient place.

Flor. Sir, let me go, I conjure you, or i'le call out.

Will. Ay, ay, you were beſt to call Witneſs, to ſee how finely you treat me ——— do ———

Flor. I'le cry Murder, Rape, or any thing, if you do not inſtantly let me go.

Will. A Rape! come, come you lye you Baggage, you lye: What, i'le warrant you would fain have the World believe now that you are not ſo forward as I. No, not you, ———why at this time of Night was your Cobweb-door ſet open, dear Spider —— but to catch Flyes? —— Hah —— come —— or I ſhall be damnably angry. — Whe, what a Coyl is here ——

Flor. Sir, can you think ——

Will. That you'd do't for nothing? — oh, oh, I find what you'd be at —— look here, here's a Piſtole for you — here's a work indeed, — here, — take it, *I* ſay ——

Flor. For Heavens ſake Sir, as you're a Gentleman —

Will. So — now — now — ſhe would be wheedling me for more — what you will not take it then —— you are reſolv'd you will not. ——— Come, come take it, or i le put it up again; ——— for, look ye, *I* never give more. ——— Whe how now Miſtris, are you ſo high i'th' Mouth a Piſtole wont down with you? —— hah, — whe what a work's here — in good time — come, no ſtruggling, be gone ——— But an y'are good at a dumb Wreſtle, *I*'m for ye, ——— look ye ——— *I*'m for ye ——— (*She ſtruggles with him.*

Enter Belvile *and* Frederick.

Belv. The Door is open, a Pox of this mad fellow, *I*'m angry that we've loſt him, *I* durſt have ſworn he had followed us.

Fred. But you were ſo haſty, Colonel, to be gone.

Flor. Help, help, ——— Murder! — help —— oh, *I* am ruin'd.

Belv. Ha, ſure that's *Florinda*'s Voice. (*Comes up to them* ——— A Man, Villain, let go that Lady. [*A noiſe.*

(Will. *turns and draws*, Fred. *interpoſes.*

Flor. Belvile! Heavens! my Brother too is coming, and 'twill be impoſſible to eſcape. ——— *Belvile*, *I* conjure you to walk under my Chamber window, from whence i'le give you ſome inſtructions what to do —— this rude Man has undone us. (*Exit.*

Will. Belvile!

Enter Pedro, Stephano, *and other Servants with Lights.*

Ped. I'm betray'd; run *Stephano*, and ſee if *Florinda* be ſafe. (*Ex.* Steph. So whoe'er they be, all is not well, i'le to *Florinda*'s Chamber.

They fight, and Pedro's *Party beats 'em out; going out, meets* Steph.

Steph.

Steph. You need not, Sir, the poor Lady's faſt aſleep and thinks no harm, wou'd not awake her Sir, for fear of frighting her with your danger.

Ped. I'm glad ſhe's there —Raſcals how came the Garden Door open?

Steph. That Queſtion comes to late, Sir, ſome of my Fellow Servants Maſquerading I'll warrant.

Ped. Maſquerading, a lude Cuſtom to debauch our youth, —there's ſomething more in this than I imagine. [*Exeunt.*

Scene Changes to the Street.

Enter Belvile *in Rage.* Fred. *holding him, and* Wilmore *Melancholy.*

Will. Whe how the Devil ſhou'd I know *Florinda*?

Belv. Ah plague of your ignorance, if it had not been *Florinda*, muſt you be a Beaſt? —a Brute? a ſenſeleſs Swines.

Will. Well, Sir, you ſee I am endu'd with patience—I can bear—tho Egad y'are very free with me methinks.— I was in good hopes the Quarrel wou'd have been on my ſide, for ſo uncivilly interrupting me.

Belv. Peace Brute, whilſt thou'rt ſafe——oh I'm diſtracted.

Will. Nay, nay, I'm an unlucky Dogg, that's certain.

Belv. Ah Curſe upon the Star that rul'd my Birth! or whatſoever other influence that makes me ſtill ſo wretched.

Will. Thou breakſt my Heart with theſe complaints; there is no Star in fault, no influence but Sack, the curſed Sack, I drank.

Fred. Whe how the Devil came you ſo drunk?

Will. Whe how the Devil came you ſo ſober?

Belv. A Curſe upon his thin skull, he was always before-hand that way.

Fred. Prithee dear Colonel forgive him, he's ſorry for his fault.

Belv. He's always ſo after he has done a miſchief —— a plague on all ſuch Brutes.

Will. By this Light I took her for an Errant Harlot.

Belv. Damn your debaucht opinion, tell me Sot, hadſt thou ſo much ſenſe and light about thee to diſtinguiſh her Woman, and cou'dſt not ſee ſomething about her Face and Perſon, to ſtrike an awful Reverence into thy Soul?

Will. Faith no, I conſider'd her as meer a Woman as I cou'd wiſh.

Belv. 'Sdeath I have no patience —— draw, or I'll kill you.

Will. Let that alone till to Morrow, and if I ſet not all right again, uſe your pleaſure.

Bell. To Morrow, damn it.
The ſpightful Light will lead me to no happineſs.
To morrow is *Antonio*'s, and perhaps,
Guides him to my undoing; - oh that I could meet
This Rival, this powerful Fortunate.

Will. What then?

Belv. Let thy own Reaſon, or my Rage inſtruct thee.

Will. I ſhall be finely inform'd then, no doubt; hear me Colonel—— hear me —— ſhew me the Man and I'll do his Buſineſs.

Belv.

Belv. I know him no more than thou, or if I did, I ſhould not need thy aid.

Will. This you ſay is *Angellica*'s Houſe, I promis'd the kind Baggage to lie with her to Night. (*Offers to go in.*

Enter Antonio *and his Page.* Ant. *knocks on the Hilt of's Sword.*

Ant. You paid the thouſand Crowns I directed?

Page. To the Ladies old Woman, ſir, I did.

Will. Who the Devil have we here?

Belv. I'll now plant my ſelf under *Florinda*'s Window, and if I find no comfort there, I'll dye. *Ex.* Belv. *and* Fred.

Enter Moretta.

Moret. Page!

Page. Here's my Lord.

Will. How is this, a Piccaroon going to board my Frigate! here's one Chaſe-Gun for you. { *Drawing his ſword, juſtles* Ant. *who turns and draws.* *They fight,* Ant. *falls.*

Moret. Oh, bleſs us, we are all undone! [*Runs in, and ſhuts the Door.*

Page. Help, Murder! (Belvile *returns at the noiſe of fighting.*

Belv. Ha, the mad Rogue's engag'd in ſome unlucky Adventure again.

Enter two or three Maſqueraders.

Maſq. Ha! a Man kill'd!

Will. How! a Man kill'd! then i'le go home to ſleep.

[*Puts up, and reels out.* *Ex. Maſquers another way.*

Belv. Who ſhou'd it be! pray Heaven the Rogue is ſafe, for all my Quarrel to him. [*As* Belvile *is groping about, enter an Officer and ſix Soldiers.*

Sold. Who's there?

Offic. So, here's one diſpatcht — ſecure the Murderer.

Belv. Do not miſtake my Charity for Murder.

I came to his Aſſiſtance. (*Soldiers ſeize on* Belvile.

Offic. That ſhall be tried, ſir, —— St. *Jago*, ſwords drawn in the Carnival time! (*Goes to* Antonio.

Ant. Thy Hand prithee.

Offic. Ha, Don *Antonio!* look well to the Villain there. — how is't, ſir?

Ant. I'm hurt.

Belv. Has my Humanity made me a Criminal?

Offic. Away with him.

Belv. What a curſt Chance is this? (*Ex. Soldiers with* Belv.

Ant. This is the man that has ſet upon me twice —— carry him to my Apartment till you have further Orders from me.

(*To the Officer.* *Ex.* Ant. *led.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A fine Room.*

Diſcovers Belvile, *as by Dark alone.*

Belv. WHen ſhall *I* be weary of railing on Fortune, who is reſolv'd never to turn with Smiles upon me ——— Two ſuch defeats in one Night — none but the Devil and that mad Rogue could have contriv'd to have plagued me with — *I* am here a Priſoner — but where —— Heaven knows — and if there be Murder done, *I* can ſoon decide the Fate of a Stranger in a Nation without Mercy — yet this is nothing to the Torture my Soul bows with, when *I* think of loſing my fair, my dear *Florinda* — heark — my door opens — a Light — a Man — and ſeems of Quality — arm'd too, — now ſhall I dye like a Dog without defence.

Enter Antonio *in a Night-Gown, with a Light; his Arm in a Scarf, and a Sword under his Arm: he ſets the Candle on the Table.*

Ant. Sir, I come to know what Injuries I have done you, that could provoke you to ſo mean an Action, as to Attack me baſely, without allowing time for my defence.

Belv. Sir, for a Man in my circumſtances to plead Innocence, would look like fear ——— but view me well, and you will find no marks of a Coward on me; nor any thing that betrays that Brutality you accuſe me with.

Ant. In vain, Sir, you impoſe upon my ſenſe,
You are not only he who drew on me laſt night,
But yeſterday before the ſame Houſe, that of *Angellica.*
Yet there is ſomething in your Face and Meine,

Belv. I own I fought to day in the defence of a friend of mine, with whom you (if you're the ſame) and your Party were firſt engag'd.
Perhaps you think this Crime enough to kill me,
But if you do, I cannot fear you'l do it baſely.

Ant. No Sir, I'll make you fit for a defence with this.

(*Gives him the Sword.*

Belv. This Gallantry ſurprizes me — nor know I how to uſe this Preſent, ſir, againſt a man ſo brave.

Ant. You ſhall not need;
For know, I come to ſnatch you from a danger
That is decreed againſt you:
Perhaps your Life, or long impriſonment:
And twas with ſo much courage you offended
I cannot ſee you puniſht.

Belv. How ſhall I pay this Generoſity?

Ant.

Ant. It had been ſafer to have killed another.
Than have attempted me:
To ſhew your danger, Sir, I'll let you know my Quality;
And 'tis the Vice-Roy's Son, whom you have wounded.
Belv. The Vice-Roy's Son!
Death and Confuſion! was this Plague reſerved
To Compleat all the reſt ——— obliged by him! (*aſide*
The man of all the World I wou'd deſtroy.
Ant. You ſeem diſorder'd, Sir.
Belv. Yes, truſt me, Sir, I am, and 'tis with pain
That Man receives ſuch Bounties,
Who wants the pow'r to pay 'em back again.
Ant. To gallant Spirits 'tis indeed uneaſie;
——— But you may quickly over-pay me, Sir.
Belv. Then I am well——— kind Heaven! but ſet us even,
That I may fight with him and keep my honour ſafe.
——— Oh, I'm impatient, Sir, to be diſcounting (*aſide:*
The mighty Debt I owe you, Command me quickly —
Ant. I have a Quarrel with a Rival, Sir,
About the Maid we love.
Belv. Death, 'tis *Florinda* he means ———
That thought deſtroys my reaſon,
And I ſhall kill him ——— (*aſide*
Ant. My Rival, Sir,
Is one has all the Virtues Man can boaſt of———
Belv. Death! who ſhou'd this be? (*aſid.*
He challeng'd me to meet him on the *Molo*,
As ſoon as day appear'd, but laſt nights quarrel
Has made my Arm unfit to guide a Sword.
Belv. I apprehend you, Sir, you'd have me kill the man
That lays a claim to the maid you ſpeak of.
——— I'll do't —— I'll fly to do't!
Ant. Sir do you know her?
Belv. — No, Sir, but 'tis enough ſhe is admired by you.
Ant. Sir, I ſhall rob you of the Glory on't,
For you muſt fight under my name and dreſs.
Belv. That Opinion muſt be ſtrangely obliging that makes
You think I can perſonate the brave *Antonio*,
Whom I can but ſtrive to imitate.
Ant. You ſay too much to my Advantage;
— Come, Sir, the day appears that calls you forth.
——— Within, Sir, is the habit. (*Exit* Antonio.
Belv. Fantaſtick Fortune, thou deceitful light,
That Cheats the wearier Traveller by Night.
Tho' on a Precipice each ſtep you tread,

I am reſolved to follow where you lead. *Exit.*

SCENE, *the Molo.*

Enter Florinda *and* Callis *in Maſques with* Stephano.

Flor. I'm dying with my fears, *Belvile*'s not coming *(aſide.*
As I expepected under my Window,
Makes me believe that all thoſe fears are true.
—— Canſt thou not tell with whom my Brother fights?

Steph. No Madam, they were both in Maſquerade, I was by when they chalenge'd one another, and they decided the Quarrel then, but were prevented by ſome Cavaliers; which made 'em put it off till now—but I am ſure 'tis about you they fight.

Flor. Nay then 'tis with *Belvile*, for what other Lover have I that dares fight for me, except *Antonio?* and he is too much in favour with my Brother——if it be he, for whom ſhall I direct my prayers to Heaven?

Steph. Madam, I muſt leave you, for if my Maſter ſee me, I ſhall be hang'd for being your Conductor ——eſcapt narrowly for the excuſe I made for you laſt night i'th Garden.

Flor. And I'll reward thee for't——prithee no more *(Exit* Steph.

Enter Don Pedro *in his Maſquing habit*

Pedro. *Antonio*'s late to day, the place will fill, and we may be prevented. *(Walks about.*

Flor. *Antonio* ſure I heard amiſs *(aſide.*

Pedro. But who will not excuſe a happy Lover
When ſoft fair arms confine the yielding neck;
And the kind whiſper languiſhingly breathes.
——Muſt you be gone ſo ſoon?
Sure I had dwelt for ever on her Boſome.
—— But ſtay, he's here.

Enter Belvile *dreſt in* Antonio's *Clothes.*

Flor. 'Tis not *Belvile*, half my fears are vaniſht.

Pedro. *Antonio*! —

Belv. This muſt be he. *[aſide,*
You're early, Sir, ——I do not uſe to be out-done this way.

Pedro. The wretched, Sir, are watchful, and 'tis enough
You've the advantage of me in *Angellica.*

Belv. *Angellica*! or I've miſtook my Man! or elſe *Antonio.* *[aſide.*
—— Can he forget his Intereſt in *Florinda*,
And fight for common Prize?

Pedro. Come, Sir, you know our terms——

Belv. By Heaven not I. *[aſide.*
—No talking, I am ready Sir. *[Offers to fight,* Flor. *runs in.*

Flor. Oh, hold! who e're you be, I do conjure you hold!
If you ſtrike here——I dye—— *[To* Belv.

Pedro. *Florinda!*

Belv.

Belv. *Florinda* imploring for my Rival!

Pedro. Away this kindneſs is unſeaſonable.

[*Puts her by, they fight; ſhe runs in juſt as* Belv. *diſarms* Pedro.

Flor. Who are you Sir, that dare deny my prayers?

Belv. Thy prayers deſtroy him, if thou would'ſt preſerve him, Do that thou'rt unacquainted with, and curſe him. (*She holds him*

Flor. By all you hold moſt dear, by her you love,
I do conjure you, touch him not.

Belv. By her I love!
See — I obey — and at your feet reſign
The uſeleſs Trophy of my Victory. (*Lays his Sword at her feet*

Pedro. Antonio, you've done enough to prove you love Florinda.

Belv. Love Florinda!
Does Heaven Love Adoration! pray'r! or Pennitence! Love her! here, Sir, — your Sword again. (*Snatches up the Sword and gives it him.*
Upon this truth I'll fight my life away.

Pedro. No you've redeemed my Siſter, and my Friendſhip!

Belv. Don Pedro! (*He gives him* Flor. *and pulls off his Vizard to ſhew his face, and puts it on again.*

Pedro. Can you reſign your Claims to other Women,
And give your heart intirely to Florinda?

Belv. Intire! as dying Saints Confeſſions are!
I can delay my happineſs no longer.
This minute! let me make Florinda mine.

Pedro. This minute let it be — no time ſo proper,
This Night my Father will arrive from *Rome*,
And poſſibly may hinder what we purpoſe!

Flor. Oh Heavens! this Minute! (*Enter Maſqueraders and paſs over.*

Belv. Oh, do not ruin me!

Pedro. The place begins to fill, and that we may not be obſerv'd, do you walk off to St. Peters Church, where I will meet you, and conclude you happineſs.

Belv. I'll meet you there. — If there be no more Saints Churches in *Naples* (*aſide*

Flor. Oh ſtay Sir, and recal your haſty doom!
Alas I have not yet prepar'd my Heart
To entertain ſo ſtrange a Gueſt.

Pedro. Away this filly modeſty is aſſumed too late.

Belv. Heaven Madam! what do you do?

Flor. Do! deſpiſe the man that lays a Tyrant's claim
To what he ought to Conquer by ſubmiſſion.

Belv. You do not know me — move a little this way. (*Draws her aſide.*

Flor. Yes, you may even force me to the Altar,
But not the holy Man that offers there
Shall force me to be thine. (Pedro *talks to* Callis *this while.*

Belv. Oh do not looſe ſo bleſt an opportunity!

——See ——'tis your *Belvile* —— not *Antonio*,
Whom your mistaken Scorn and Anger ruins. (*Pulls off his Vizard.*
Flor. *Belvile*!
Where was my soul it cou'd not meet thy Voice!
And take this knowledge in.

As they are talking, Enter Willmore *finely dress't, and* Frederick.

Will. No Intelligence! no News of *Belvile* yet — well I am the most unlucky Rascal in Nature — ha —— am I deceived ——— or is it he- —— look
Fred. —'tis he — - - my dear *Belvile*.
[*Vizard falls out on's hand Runs and Embraces him.* Belvile's.
Belv. Hell and Confusion seize thee!
Pedro. Ha! *Belvile*! I beg your pardon Sir. [*Takes* Flor. *from him*:
Belv. Nay touch her not, she's mine by Conquest, Sir,
I won her by my Sword.
Will. Did'st thou so -- and Egad Child we'll keep her by the Sword.
[*Draws on* Pedro. Belv. *goes between.*
Belv. Stand off.
Thou'rt so prophanely Lewd, so curst by Heaven,
All quarrels thou espo se st must be Fatal,
Will. Nay an you be so hot, my Valours Coy, and shall be Courted when you want it next. (*Puts up his Sword.*
Belv. You know I ought to claim a Victors right, (*To* Pedro.
But you're the Brother to Divine *Florinda*,
To whom I'm such a Slave ——— to purchase her,
I durst not hurt the Man she holds so dear.
Pedro. 'Twas by *Antonio*'s, not by *Belvile*'s Sword.
This question should have been decided, Sir,
I must confess much to your Bravery's due,
Both now and when I met you last in Arms.
But I am nicely punctual in my word,
As men of Honour ought, and beg your Pardon.
——— For this mistake another time shall clear.
—— This was some Plot between you and *Belvile*.
But I'll prevent you. *Aside to* Flor. *as they are going out.*
[Belv. *looks after her, and begins to walk up and down in Rage.*
Will. Do not be Modest now, and lose the Woman, but if we shall fetch her back so ———
Belv. Do not speak to me ———
Will. Not speak to you - Egad I'll speak to you, and will be answer'd too.
Belv. Will you, Sir ———
Will. I know I've done some mischief, but I'm so dull a Puppey, that I am the Son of a Whore, if I know how, or where —— prithee inform my understanding ———
Belv. Leave me I say, and leave me Instantly.
Will. I will not leave you in this humour, nor till I know my crime.

Belv.

Belv. Death I'll tell you, Sir-- { *Draws and runs at* Will. *he runs out,* Belv. *after him,* Fred. *interposes.*

Enter Angellica, Morreta *and* Sebastain.

Ang. Ha——Sebastain ——
Is not that *Willmore*? —— haste——haste and bring him back.

Fred. The Colonel's mad——I never saw him thus before, I'll after 'em least he do some mischief, for I am sure *Willmore* will not draw on him. [*Exit.*

Ang. I am all Rage! my first desires defeated
For one for ought he knows that has no
Other Merit than her Quality
——Her being *Don Pedro*'s Sister ——he loves her!
I know 'tis so dull, dull, Insensible——
He will not see me now tho oft invited;
And broke his word last night—false perjur'd Man!
—— He that but yesterday fought for my favours,
And would have made his Life a Sacrifice
To've gain'd one night with me,
Must now be hir'd and courted to my arms.

Moret. I told you what wou'd come on't, but *Moretta*'s an old doating Fool ——why did you give him Five Hundred Crowns, but to set himself out for other Lovers! you shou'd have kept him Poor if you had meant to have had any good from him.

Ang. Oh, name not such mean trifles; —— had I given him all
My Youth has earn'd from Sin,
I had not lost a thought nor sigh upon't.
But I have given him my Eternal rest,
My whole repose, my future joys, my heart!
My Virgin heart *Morretta*! oh 'tis gone!

Moret. Curse on him here he comes;
How fine she has made him too!

Enter Willmore, Sebast. *and* Ang. *turns and walks away.*

Will. How now, turn'd shaddow,
Fly when I pursue! and follow when I fly!

Stay gentle shadow of my Dove (Sings.)
And tell me e're I go,
Whether the substance may not prove
A Fleeting thing like you.

There's a soft kind look remaining yet. (*As she turns she looks on him.*

Ang. Well Sir, you may be gay, all happiness, all joys pursue you still, fortune's your slave, and gives you every hour choice of new hearts and beauties till you are cloy'd with the repeated bliss, which others vainly languish for.——But know false man that I shall be revenged. [*Turns away in Rage.*

Will.

Will. So, 'gad, there are of thoſe faint-hearted Lovers, whom ſuch a ſharp Leſſon next their Hearts would make as impotent as fourſcore — pox o' this whining, — my bus'neſs is to laugh and love, — a pox on't; I hate your ſullen Lover, a man ſhall loſe as much time to put you in humour now, as would ſerve to gain a new Woman.

Ang. I ſcorn to cool that Fire I cannot raiſe.
Or do the Drudgery of your Virtuous Miſtris.

Will. A Virtuous Miſtris! death, what a thing thou haſt found out for me! why what the devil ſhould I do with a Virtuous Woman, — a ſort of ill-natur'd Creatures, that takes a Pride to torment a Lover, Virtue is but an infirmity in Woman, a Diſeaſe that renders even the handſome ungrateful; whilſt the ill-favour'd, for want of Sollicitations and Addreſs, only fancy themſelves ſo. —— I have lain with a Woman of Quality, who has all the while been railing at Whores.

Ang. I will not anſwer for your Miſtris's Virtue,
Tho ſhe be young enough to know no Guilt;
And I could wiſh you would perſwade my heart
'Twas the Two hundred thouſand Crowns you courted.

Will. Two hundred thouſand Crowns, what ſtory's this? —— what Trick? —— what Woman? —— ha.

Ang. How ſtrange you make it, have you forgot the Creature you entertain'd on the *Piazo* laſt night?

Will. Ha, my Gipſie worth Two hundred thouſand Crowns? —— oh how I long to be with her —— pox, I knew ſhe was of Quality. (*Aſide.*

Ang. Falſe man, I ſee my ruine in thy face.
How many Vows you breath'd upon my boſom,
Never to be unjuſt —— have you forgot ſo ſoon?

Will. Faith no, I was juſt coming to repeat 'em — but here's a humour indeed — would make a Man a Saint — wou'd ſhe'd be angry enough to leave me, and command me not to wait on her. (*Aſide.*

Enter Hellena, *dreſt in Mans Clothes.*

Hell. This muſt be *Angellica*, I know it by her mumping Matron here —— Ay, ay, 'tis ſhe; my mad Captain's with her too, for all his ſwearing — how this inconſtant humour makes me love him: — pray, good grave Gentlewoman, is not this *Angellica*?

Mort. My too young Sir, it is — I hope 'tis one from Don *Antonio*.
(*Goes to* Angelica.

Hel. Well, ſomething I'll do to vex him for this. (*Aſide.*

Ang. I will not ſpeak with him; am I in humour to receive a Lover?

Will. Not ſpeak with him, whe I'll be gone — and wait your idler minutes —— Can I ſhew leſs Obedience to the thing I love ſo fondly?
(*Offers to go.*

Ang. A fine Excuſe this —— ſtay ——

Will.

Will. And hinder your Advantage: ſhould I repay your Bounties ſo ungratefully?

Ang. Come hither, Boy — that I may let you ſee
How much above the Advantages you name
I prize one minutes Joy with you.

Will. Oh, you deſtroy me with this Endearment. (*Impatient to be gone*
——— Death, how ſhall I get away? — Madam, 'twill not be fit I ſhould be ſeen with you — beſides, it will not be convenient — and I've a Friend —— that's dangerouſly ſick.

Ang. I ſee you're impatient, — yet you ſhall ſtay.

Will. And miſs my Aſſignation with my Gipſie.
(*Aſide, and walks about impatiently.*

Hel. Madam, [Moretta *brings* Hellena, *who addreſſes her ſelf to* Angelica.
You'l hardly pardon my intruſion,
When you ſhall know my buſineſs;
And I'm too young to tell my Tale with Art:
But there muſt be a wondrous ſtore of goodneſs
Where ſo much beauty dwells.

Ang. A pretty Advocate, whoever ſent thee.
——— Prithee proceed ——— Nay, Sir, you ſhall not go.
(*To* Will. *who is ſtealing off.*

Will. Then I ſhall loſe my dear Gipſie for ever.
—— Pox on't, ſhe ſtays me out of ſpight. (*Aſide.*

Hel. I am related to a Lady, Madam,
Young, rich, and nobly born, but has the fate
To be in love with a young Engliſh Gentleman.
Strangely ſhe loves him, at firſt ſight ſhe lov'd him
But did adore him when ſhe heard him ſpeak;
For he, ſhe ſaid, had Charms in every word,
That faild not to ſurprize, to wound and conquer.

Will. Ha, Egad I hope this concerns me. (*Aſide.*

Ang. 'Tis my falſe man, he means — wou'd he were gone.
This Praiſe will raiſe his pride and ruine me — well,
Since you are ſo impatient to be gone
I will releaſe you, ſir. (*To* Will.

Will. Nay, then I'm ſure 'twas me he ſpoke of, this cannot be the effects of Kindneſs in her. (*Aſide.*
——— No, Madam, I've conſider'd better on't,
And will not give you cauſe of Jealouſie.

Ang. But, ſir, I've — buſineſs, that———

Will. This ſhall not do, I know 'tis but to try me.

Ang. Well, to your ſtory, Boy, — tho 'twill undo me. (*Aſide.*

Hel. With this addition to his other Beauties,
He won her unreſiſting tender heart,
He vow'd and ſigh'd, and ſwore he lov'd her dearly;

And

And ſhe believ'd the cunning flatterer,
And thought her ſelf the happieſt Maid alive:
To day was the appointed time by both
To conſummate their Bliſs;
The Virgin, Altar, and the Prieſt were dreſt,
And whilſt ſhe languiſht for th'expected Bridegroom,
She heard, he paid his broken Vows to you.

Will. So, this is ſome dear Rogue that's in love with me,
And this way lets me know it; or if it be not me, ſhe means ſome
One whoſe place I may ſupply.

Ang Now I perceive
The cauſe of thy impatience to be gone,
And all the buſineſs of this glorious Dreſs.

Will. Damn the young Prater, I know not what he means.

Hel. Madam,
In your fair Eyes I read too much concern
To tell my farther buſineſs.

Ang. Prithee ſweet Youth talk on, thou maiſt perhaps
Raiſe here a ſtorm that may undo my paſſion,
And then I'll grant thee any thing.

Hel. Madam, 'tis to entreat you, (oh unreaſonable)
You would not ſee this ſtranger;
For if you do, ſhe vows you are undone,
Tho Nature never made a Man ſo excellent,
And ſure he'ad been a God, but for inconſtancy.

Will. Ah, Rogue, how finely he's inſtructed! (*Aſide.*
—— 'Tis plain ſome Woman that has ſeen me e'en paſſant.

Ang. Oh, I ſhall burſt with Jealouſie! do you know the man you ſpeak of?

Hell. Yes, Madam, he us'd to be in Buff and Scarlet.

Ang. Thou, falſe as Hell, what canſt thou ſay to this? [*To* Will.

Will. By Heaven ———

Ang. Hold, do not damn thy ſelf ———

Hell. Nor hope to be believ'd. ——— [*He walks about, they follow*

Ang. Oh, perjur'd Man!
is't thus you pay my generous paſſion back?

Hell. Why wou'd you, ſir, abuſe my Ladies Faith?—

Ang. And uſe me ſo inhumanly?

Hel. A Maid ſo young, ſo innocent ———

Will. Ah, young Devil!

Ang. Doſt thou not know thy Life is in my power?

Hel. Or think my Lady cannot be reveng'd?

Will. So, ſo, the ſtorm comes finely on. (*aſide*

Ang. Now thou art ſilent, guilt has ſtruck thee dumb.
Oh, hadſt thou ſtill been ſo, I'd liv'd in ſafety. (*She turns away and weeps.*

Will. Sweetheart, the Ladies Name and Houſe——quickly: I'm impatient to be with her. — (*Aſide to* Hellena, *looks towards* Angell. *to watch her turning, and as ſhe comes towards them, he meets her.*

Hell. So, now is he for another Woman. (*aſide.*

Will. The impudent'ſt young thing in nature!
I cannot perſwade him out of his Error, Madam.

Ang. I know he's in the right, — yet thou'ſt a Tongue
That would perſwade him to deny his Faith. (*In rage walks away.*

Will. Her Name, her Name, dear Boy. — (*Said ſoftly to* Hell.

Hell. Have you forgot it, ſir?

Will. Oh, I perceive he's not to know I am a ſtranger to his Lady. (*aſide.*
--Yes, yes, I do know — but — I have forgot the — (Angel. *turns.*
——By Heaven, ſuch early confidence I never ſaw.

Ang. Did I not charge you with this Miſtris, ſir?
Which you denied, tho I beheld your Perjury.
This little generoſity of thine has render'd back my Heart. (*Walks away.*

Will. So, you have made ſweet work here, my little Miſchief;
Look your Lady be kind and good-natur'd now, or
I ſhall have but a curſed bargain on't. (Ang. *turns towards them.*
—— The Rogue's bred up to miſchief,
Art thou ſo great a Fool to credit him?

Ang. Yes, I do; and you in vain impoſe upon me.
— Come hither, Boy, — is not this he you ſpeak of?

Hell. I think — it is, I cannot ſwear, but I vow he has juſt ſuch another lying Lover's look. (Hell. *looks in his Face, he gazes on her.*

Will. Hah! do not I know that Face? ——
By Heaven, my little Gipſie; what a dull Dog was I,
Had I but lookt that way, I'd known her.
Are all my hopes of a new Woman baniſht? (*aſide.*
——— Egad, if I don't fit thee for this, hang me.
——Madam, I have found out the Plot.

Hell. Oh Lord, what does he ſay? am I diſcover'd now?

Will. Do you ſee this young ſpark here?

Hell. He'l tell her who I am.

Will. — Who do you think this is?

Hel. Ay, ay, he does know me. —— Nay, dear Captain, I am undone if you diſcover me.

Will. Nay, nay, no cogging; ſhe ſhall know what a precious Miſtris I have.

Hel. Will you be ſuch a Devil?

Will Nay, nay, I'll teach you to ſpoil ſport you will not make. — This ſmall Ambaſſador comes not from a perſon of Quality, as you imagine, and he ſays; but from a very errant Gipſie, the talkingſt, pratingſt, cantingſt little Animal thou ever ſaw'ſt.

Ang. What news you tell me! that's the thing I mean.

Hel. Wou'd I were well off the place, if ever I go a Captain-hunting again. (*aſide*

Will. Mean that thing? that Gipſie thing, thou mayſt as well be Jealous of thy Monkey or Parrot, as her, a *German* Motion were worth a dozen of her, and a Dream were a better enjoyment, a Creature of a Conſtitution fitter for Heaven than Man.

Hell. Tho I'm ſure he lies, yet this vexes me. (*Aſide.*

Ang. You are miſtaken, ſhe's a *Spaniſh* Woman
Made up of no ſuch dull Materials.

Will. Materials, Egad an ſhe be made of any that will either diſpence or admit of Love, I'll be bound to continuance.

Hell. Unreaſonable Man, do you think ſo? (*Aſide to him.*
—you may return my little Brazen Head, and tell to your Lady, that till ſhe be handſom enough to be belov'd, or I dull enough to be Religious, there will be ſmall hopes of me.

Ang. Did you not promiſe then to marry her?

Will. Not I by Heaven.

Ang. You cannot undeceive my fears and torments, till you have vow'd you will not marry her.

Hell. If he Swears that he'll be reveng'd on me indeed for all my Roguieries. (*Aſide*

Ang. I know what Arguments you'll bring againſt me, Fortune and Honour.——

Will. Honour, I tell you, I hate it in your Sex, and thoſe that fancy themſelves poſſeſt of that Foppery, are the moſt impertinently troubleſome of all Woman kind, and will tranſgreſs Nine Commandments to keep one, and to ſatisfie your Jealouſie I ſwear. ——

Hell. Oh, no ſwearing dear Captain. —— (*Aſide to him.*

Will. If it were poſſible, I ſhould ever be inclin'd to marry, it ſhou'd be ſome kind young Sinner, one that has generoſity, enough to give a favour handſomely to one that can ask it diſcreetly, one that has Wit enough to manage an intrigue of Love — oh, how civil ſuch a Winch is, to a Man that does her the Honour to marry her.

Ang. By Heaven there's no Faith in any thing he ſays.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Sebaſ. Madam, *Don Antonio* ——

Ang. Come hither.

Hell. Ha, *Antonio*, he may be coming hither and he'l certainly diſcover me, I'll therefore retire without a Ceremony. (*Exit.* Hellena.

Ang. I'll ſee him, get my Coach ready.

Sebaſ. It waits you Madam,

Will. This is luckey: what Madam, now I may be gone and leave you to the enjoyment of my Rival?

Ang. Dull man, that can'ſt not ſee how ill, how poor,
That falſe diſſimulation looks —— begone
And never let me ſee thy couzening Face again,

Leaſt

Leaſt I relaps and kill thee.

Will. Yes you can ſpare me now,—— farewell till you are in better Humour —— I'm glad of this releaſe——
Now for my Gipſie:
For tho to worſe we change, yet ſtill we find
New Joys, new Charms, in a New Miſs that's kind. (*Ex.* Wilmore.

Ang. He's gone, and in this Ague of my Soul
The Shivering fit returns;
Oh with what willing haſte, he took his leave,
As if the long for Minute, were arrvied,
Of ſome bleſt Aſſignation.
In vain I have Conſulted all my Charms,
In vain this Beauty priz'd, invain believ'd,
My Eyes cou'd kindle any laſting fires;
I had forgot my Name, my infamy,
And the reproach that Honour lays on thoſe
That dare pretend a ſober paſſion here.
Nice reputation, tho it leave behind
More Vertues than inhabit where that dwells;
Yet that once gone, thoſe Vertues ſhine no more.
—— Then ſince I am not fit to be belove'd,
I am reſolv'd to think on a revenge
On him that ſooth'd me thus to my undoing. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third. *A Street.*

Enter Florinda *and* Valeria *in Habits different from what they have been ſeen in.*

Flo. We're happily Eſcapt, yet I tremble ſtill.

Val. A Lover and fear! whe I am but half an one, and yet I have Courage for any attempt, would *Helena* were here, I wou'd fain have had her as deep in this Miſchief as we, ſhe'll fair but ill elſe I doubt.

Flor. She pretended a viſit to the *Auguſtine* Nuns, but I believe ſome other deſign carried her out, pray Heavens we light on her.
—— Prithee what didſt do with *Callis*?

Val. When I ſaw no reaſon wou'd do good on her, I follow'd her into the Wardrobe, and as ſhe was looking for ſomething in a great Cheſt, I topled her in by the heels, ſnatcht the Key of the Appartment where you were confin'd, lockt her in, and left her bawling for help.

Flor. 'Tis well you reſolve to follow my Fortunes, for thou dareſt never appear at home again after ſuch an action.

Val. That's according as the young Stranger and I ſhall agree.—— But to our buſineſs —— I deliver'd your Letter, your Note to *Belvile*, when I got out under pretence of going to Maſs, I found him at his Lodging, and believe me it came ſeaſonably; for never was Man in ſo deſperate a Condition, I told him of your reſolution of making your eſcape to day, if your brother

would be absent long enough to permit you; if not, dye rather than be *Antonio*'s.

Flor. Thou shou'd have told him I was confin'd to my Chamber upon my Brothers suspition, that the business on the *Molo* was a Plot laid between him and I.

Val. I said all this, and told him your Brother was now gone to his Devotion, and he resolves to visit every Church till he find him; and not only undeceive him in that, but carress him so as shall delay his return home.

Flor. Oh Heavens! he's here, and *Belvile* with him too.

[*They put on their Vizards.*

Enter Don Pedro, Belvile, Wilmore. Bel. *and* Don Pedro *seeming in serious Discourse.*

Val. Walk boldly by them, and I'll come at a distance, least he suspect us.

[*She walks by them, and looks back on them.*

Will. Ha! Woman and of an excellent Mien.

Ped. She throws a kind look back on you.

Will. Death 'tis a likely Wench, and that kind look shall not be cast away —— I'll follow her.

Belv. Prethee do not.

Will. Do not by Heavens to the Antipodies, with such an invitation.

[*She goes out, and* Will. *follows her.*

Belv. 'Tis a mad Fellow for a Wench.

Enter Fred.

Fred. Oh Col. such News!

Bel. Prithee what?

Fred. News that will make you laugh in spight of Fortune.

Belv. What, *Blunt* has had some Damn'd Trick put upon him, Cheated, Bang'd or Clapt.

Fred. Cheated Sir, rarely Cheated of all but his Shirt and Drawers, the unconscionable Whore too turn'd him out before Consummation, so that traversing the Streets at Midnight, the Watch found him in this *Fresco*, and conducted him home: By Heaven 'tis such a slight and yet I durst as well been hang'd as laught at him, or pitty him; he beats all that do but ask him a question, and is in such an Humour.

Ped. Who is't has met with this ill usage, Sir?

Bell. A Friend of ours whom you must see for mirths sake: I'll imploy him to give *Florinda* time for an escape. [*Aside.*

Ped. What is he?

Bell. A young Countrymen of ours, one that has been Educated at so plentiful a rate, he yet ne'r knew the want of Money, and 'twill be a great Jeast to see how simply he'll look without it, for my part I'll lend him none, and the Rogue knows not how to put on a Borrowing face, and ask first, I'll let him see how good 'tis to play our parts whilst I play his — prethee *Fred.* do you go home and keep him in that posture till we come. (*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Florinda *from the farther end of the* Scene, *looking behind her.*

Flor. I am follow'd ſtill —— hah —— my Brother too advancing this way, good Heavens defend me from being ſeen by him. (*She goes off*

Enter Willmore, *and after him* Valeria, *at a little diſtance.*

Will. Ah! There ſhe ſails, ſhe looks back as ſhe were willing to be boarded, I'll warrant her Prize. [*He goes out*, Valeria *following.*

Enter Hellena, *juſt as he goes out, with a Page.*

Hell. Hah, is not that my Captain that has a Woman in chaſe? —— 'tis not *Angellica*; Boy, fellow thoſe people at a diſtance, and bring me an account where they go in, —— I'll find his haunts, and plague him every where, — ha — my Brother [*Exit Pag.*

[Bel. Wil. Ped. *croſs the Stage*: Hell. *runs off.*

Scene *changes to another Street. Enter* Florinda.

Flor. What ſhall I do, my Brother now purſues me,
Will no kind Power protect me from his Tyranny?
—— hah, here's a door open, I'll venture in, ſince nothing can be worſe than to fall into his hands, my life and honour are at ſtake, any my Neceſſity has no choice. [*She goes in.*

Enter Valeria *and* Hellena's *Page peeping after* Florinda.

Page. Here ſhe went in, I ſhall remember this Houſe. (*Ex. Boy.*

Val. This is *Belvile*'s Lodging; ſhe's gone in as readily as if ſhe kenw it, — hah — here's that Mad Fellow again, I dare not venture in, —— I'll watch my opportunity. (*Goes aſide.*

Enter Willmore, *gazing about him.*

Will. I have loſt her hereabouts — Pox on't ſhe muſt not ſcape me ſo. (*Goes out.*

Scene changes to Blunts *Chamber, diſcovers him ſitting on a Couch in his Shirt and Drawers, reading.*

Blunt. So, now my mind's a little at peace, ſince I have reſolv'd revenge — a Pox on this Tayler, tho, for not bringing home the Clothes I beſpoke; and a Pox of all poor Cavaliers, a Man can never keep a ſpare Suit for 'em; and I ſhall have theſe Rogues come in and find me naked, and then I'm undone; but I'm reſolv'd to arm my ſelf —— the Raſcals ſhall not inſult over me to much. (*Puts on an old ruſty Sword, and Buff Belt.*

—— Now, how like a Morrice-Dancer I am Equipt — a fine Lady-like Whore to Cheat me thus, without affording me a kindneſs for my Money, a Pox light on her, I ſhall never be reconciled to the Sex more, ſhe has made me as faithleſs as a Phyſician, as uncharitable as a Church-man, and as ill natur'd as a Poet. Oh how I'll uſe all Women-kind hereafter! what wou'd I

give to have one of 'em within my reach now! any Mortal thing in Petticoats, kind Fortune, ſend me; and I'll forgive thy laſt nights Malice——— here's a Curſed Book too, (a warning to all young Travellers) that can inſtruct me how to prevent ſuch miſchiefs now 'tis too late, well 'tis a rare convenient thing to read a little now and then, as well as Hawk and Hunt.

(Sits down again and Reads.

Enter to him Florindr.

Flor. This Houſe is hunted ſure, tis well furniſht and no living thing inhabits it—hah—a Man, Heavens how he's attir'd! ſure 'tis ſome Rope-dancer, or Fencing-Maſter; I tremble now for fear, and yet I muſt venture now to ſpeak to him——Sir, if I may not interrupt your Meditations———

(She ſtarts up and gazes.

Blunt. Hah—what's here! are my wiſhes granted? and is not that a ſhe Creature? adsheartlikins 'tis! what wretched thing art thou——hah!

Flor. Charitable, Sir, you've told your ſelf already what I am; a very wretched Maid, forc't by a ſtrange unlucky accident, to ſeek a ſafety here, And muſt be ruin'd, if you do not grant it.

Blunt. Ruin'd, is there any ruin ſo inevitable as that which now threatens thee? doſt thou know, miſerable Woman, into what Den of Miſchiefs thou art fall'n? what a biſs of Confuſion——hah,——doſt not ſee ſomething in my looks that frights thy guilty Soul, and makes thee wiſh to change that ſhape of Woman for any humble Animal, or Devil? for thoſe who were ſafer for thee, and leſs miſchievous.

Flor. Alas, what mean you, Sir? I muſt confeſs your looks have ſomething in 'em, makes me fear, but I beſeech you, as you ſeem a Gentleman, pity a harmleſs Virgin, that takes your houſe for Sanctuary.

Blunt. Talk on, talk on, and weep too, till my faith return. Do, flatter me out of my ſenſes again———a harmleſs Virgin with a Pox, as much one as t'other, adsheartlikins. Whe what the Devil can I not be ſafe in my houſe for you, not in my Chamber, nay, even being naked too, cannot ſecure me; this is an Impudence greater then has invaded me yet?—Come no reſiſtance

[Pulls her rudely.

Flor. Dare you be ſo cruel?

Blunt. Cruel, adsheartlikins as a Gally-ſlave, or a *Spaniſh* Whore: Cruel, yes, I will kiſs and beat thee all over; kiſs, and ſee thee all over; thou ſhalt lie with me too, not that I care for the injointment, but to let thee ſee I have tain delil e and Malice too thee, and will be revenged on one Whore for the ſins of another; I will ſmile and deceive thee, flatter thee, and beat thee, kiſs and ſwear, and lie to thee, imbrace thee and rob thee, as ſhe did me, fawn on thee, and ſtrip thee ſtark naked, then hang thee out at my Window by the heels, with a Paper of ſcurvey Verſes faſten'd to thy breaſt, in praiſe of damnable Women——Come, come along.

Flor. Alas Sir muſt I be facrific'd for the crimes of the moſt infamous of my Sex, I never underſtood the ſins you name.

Blunt.

Blunt. Do perſwade the Fool you Love him, or that one of you can be juſt or honeſt, tell me I was not an eaſie Coxcomb, or any ſtrange impoſſible tale: it will be believ'd ſooner than thy falſe Showers or Proteſtations. A generation of damn'd Hypocrites, to flatter my very Clothes from my back, diſſembling Witches, are theſe the returns you make an honeſt Gentleman that truſts, believes, and loves you —— but if I be not even with you — Come along or I ſhall —— [*Pulls her again.*

Enter Fredrick.

Fred. Hah, what's here to do?

Blunt. Adsheartlikins, *Fred.* I am glad thou art come, to be a Witneſs of my dire revenge.

Fred. What's this, a Perſon of Quality too, who is upon the ramble to ſupply the defects of ſome grave impotent Husband?

Blunt. No, this has another pretence, ſome very unfortunate accident brought her hither, to ſafe a live purſued by *I* know not who, or why, and forc'd to take ſanctuary here at Fools Haven. Adsheartlikins to me of all Mankind for protection? is the Aſs to be Cajold again, think ye? No, young one, no prayers or tears ſhall mitigate my rage; therefore prepare for both my pleaſures of injointment and revenge, for I am reſolved to make up my loſs here on thy body, I'll take it out in kindneſs and in beating.

Fred. Now Miſtreſs of mine, what do you think of this?

Flor. I think he will not —— dares not be ſo barbarous.

Fred. Have a care, *Blunt*, ſhe fetch'd a deep ſigh, ſhe is inamour'd with thy ſhirt and drawers, ſhe'll ſtrip thee even of that, there are of her calling ſuch unconſcionable Baggages, and ſuch dextrous Thieves, they'll flea a man and he ſhall ne're miſs his skin, till he feels the cold. There was a Country-man of ours rob'd of a row of Teeth whilſt he was a ſleeping, which the Jilt made him buy again when he wak'd —— you ſee Lady how little reaſon we have to truſt you.

Blunt. 'Dsheartlikins, whe this is moſt abominable.

Flor. Some ſuch Devils there may be, but by all that's Holy, *I* am none ſuch, *I* entered here to ſave a Life in danger.

Blunt. For no goodneſs, *I'll* warrant her.

Fred. Faith, Damſel, you had e'en confeſt the plain truth for we are fellows not to be caught twice in the ſame Trap: look on that Wreck, a tite Veſſel when he ſet out of Haven, well Trim'd and Laden, and ſee how a Female Piccaroon of this Iſland of Rogues has ſhatter'd him, and canſt thou hope for any Mercy?

Blunt. No, no, Gentlewoman, come along, adsheartlikins we muſt be better acquainted —— we'll both lie with her, and then let me alone to bang her.

Fred. I'm ready to ſerve you in matters of Revenge that has a double pleaſure in't.

Blunt. Well ſaid. You hear, little one, how you are condemn'd by publick Vote to the bed within, there's no reſiſting your Deſtiny, ſweet heart. (*Pulls her.*

Flor.

Flor. Stay, Sir, I have ſeen you with *Belvile*, an *Engliſh* Cavalier, for his ſake uſe me kindly; you know how, Sir.

Blunt. *Belvile*. whe yes, ſweeting, we do know *Belvile*, and wiſh he were, with us now, he's a Cormorant at Whore and Bacon, he'd have a Limb or two of thee my Virgin Pullet, but 'tis no matter, we'l leave him the bones to pick.

Flor. Sir, if you have any eſteem for that *Belvile*, I conjure you to treat me with more gentleneſs; he'l thank you for the Juſtice.

Fred. Harkey, *Blunt*, I doubt we are miſtaken in this matter.

Flor. Sir, if you find me not worth *Belvile*'s care, uſe me as you pleaſe, and that you may think I merit better treatment than you threaten —— pray take this preſent—— [*Gives him a Ring: he looks on it*

Blunt. Hum——a Diamond! whe 'tis a wonderful Virtue now that lies in this Ring, a mollyfying Virtue; adsheartlikins there's more perſwaſive Rhetorick in t, than all her Sex can utter.

Fred. I begin to ſuſpect ſomething; and 'twou'd anger us vilely to be truſt up for a rape upon a Maid of quality, when we only believe me ruffle a Harlot.

Blunt. Thou art a credulous Fellow, but adsheartlikins I have no Faith yet, whe my Saint prattled as parlouſly as this does, ſhe gave me a Bracelet too, a Devil on her, but I ſent my Man to ſell it to day for neceſſaries, and it prov'd as counterfeit as her Vows of Love.

Fred. However let it reprieve her till we ſee *Belvile*.

Blunt. That's hard, yet I will grant it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the Colonel is juſt come in with his new Friend and a *Spaniard* of Quaility, and talks of having you to dinner with 'em.

Blunt. 'Dshearlikins, I'm undone —— I would not ſee 'em for the World: Harkey, *Fred.* lock up the Wench in your Chamber.

Fred. Fear nothing, Madam, what e're he threatens, you are ſafe whilſt in my hands. (*Exit* Fred. *and* Flor.

Blunt. And, Sirrah — upon your life, ſay — I am not at home, —— or that I am aſleep — or—or any thing — away — I'll prevent their coming this way. (*Locks the door and Exeunt.*

The End of the fourth Act. *Act*

ACT V. SCENE I. Blunt's *Chamber.*

After a great knocking at his Chamber-door, enter Blunt *ſoftly, croſſing the Stage in his Shirt and Drawers, as before.*

NED, *Ned Blunt, Ned Blunt.* (*call within.*

Blunt. The Rogues are up in Arms, 'dſheartlikins, this villanous *Frederick* has betray'd me, they have heard of my bleſſed Fortune.

Ned Blunt, Ned, Ned, — (*and knocking within.*

Belv. Whe, he's dead ſir, without diſpute dead, he has not been ſeen to day, let's break open the door, — here — Boy. ——

Blunt. Ha, break open the Door! 'dſheartlikins that mad Fellow will be as good as his word.

Belv. Boy, bring ſomething to force the door.

(*A great noiſe within at the Door again.*

Blunt. So, now muſt I ſpeak in my own defence, I'le try what Rhetorick will do — hold — hold, what do you mean Gentlemen, what do you mean?

Belv. Oh Rogue, art alive, prithee open the Door, and convince us. (*within.*

Blunt. Yes, I am alive Gentlemen, — but at preſent a little buſie.

Belv. How! *Blunt* grown a man of buſineſs! come, come, open and let's ſee this Miracle. (*within.*

Blunt. No, no, no, no Gentlemen, 'tis no great buſineſs — but — I am — at —— my Devotion, — dſheartlikins, will you not allow a man time to pray?

Belv. Turn'd religious! a greater Wonder than the firſt, therefore open quickly, or we ſhall unhinge, we ſhall. (*within.*

Blunt. This won't do —— Whe hark ye, Colonel; to tell you the plain Truth, I am about a neceſſary affair of life. — I have a Wench with me — you apprehend me? they Devil's in't if they be ſo uncivil as to diſturb me now.

Will. How, a Wench! Nay, then we muſt enter and partake no reſiſtance, —— unleſs it be your Lady of Quality, and then we'l keep our diſtance.

Blunt. So, the buſineſs is out.

Will. Come, come lends more hands to the Door, — now heave all together — ſo, well done, my Boys —— (*breaks open the Door.*

Enter Belvile, Willmore, Fred. *and* Pedro: Blunt *looks ſimply, they all laugh at him, he lays his hand on his Sword, and comes up to* Willmore.

Blunt, Hark ye, ſir, laugh out your laugh quickly, d'ye hear, and be gone. I ſhall ſpoil your ſport elſe; 'dſheartlikins, ſir, I ſhall —— the Jeſt has been carried on too long, — a Plague upon my Taylor — (*aſide.*

Will. 'Sdeath, how the Whore has dreſt him! Faith, Sir, I'm ſorry.

Blunt. Are you ſo Sir? keep't to your ſelf then Sir, I adviſe you, d'ye hear, for I can as little endure your Pity as his Mirth. (*Lays his hand on's ſword.*

Belv. Indeed *Willmore*, thou wert a little too rough with *Ned Blunt*'s Miſtris, call a Perſon of Quality Whore? and one ſo young, ſo handſome, and ſo eloquent —— ha, ha, he. ———

Blunt. Heark ye, Sir, you know me, and know I can be angry; have a care — for 'dſheartlikins I can fight too — I can ſir,— do you mark me — no more.

Belv. Why ſo peeviſh, good *Ned*? ſome diſappointments, I'le warrant — What! did the jealous Count her Husband return juſt in the nick?

Blunt. Or the Devil, ſir, —— d'ye laugh? —— [*They laugh*] Look ye ſettle me a good ſober Countenance, and that quickly too, or you ſhall know *Ned Blunt* is not

Belv. Not every body, we know that.

Blunt. Not an Aſs, to be laugh'd at, Sir.

Will. Unconſcionable ſinner, to bring a Lover ſo near his happineſs, a vigorous paſſionate Lover, and then not only cheat him of his Movables, but his Deſires too.

Belv. Ah ſir, a Miſtris is a Trifle with *Blunt*, he'l have a dozen the next time he looks abroad; his Eyes have Charms not to be reſiſted: There needs no more then to expoſe that taking perſon to the view of the Fair, and he leads 'em all in Triumph.

Fred. Sir, tho I m a ſtranger to you, I'm aſham'd at the rudeneſs of my Nation, and could you learn who did it, would aſſiſt you to make an Example of 'em.

Blunt. Whe ay, there's one ſpeaks ſence now, and handſomly; and let me tell you, Gentlemen, I ſhould not have ſhew'd my ſelf like a Jack Pudding, thus to have made you mirth, but that I have revenge within my power; for know, I have got into my poſſeſſion a Female, who had better have fallen under any Curſe, than the ruine I deſign her: 'dſheartlikins, ſhe aſſaulted me here in my own Lodgings, and had doubtleſs committed a Rape upon me, had not this Sword defended me.

Fred. I know not that, but o'my conſcience thou had raviſht her, had ſhe not redeem'd her ſelf with a Ring — let's ſee't *Blunt.* [Blunt *ſhews the Ring.*

Belv. Hah! —— the Ring I gave *Florinda* when we exchang'd our Vows! —— hark ye *Blunt*, ——— (*Goes to whiſper to him.*

Will. No whiſpering good Col. there's a Woman in the caſe, no whiſpering.

Belv. Hark ye, Fool, be adviſ'd, and conceal both the Ring and the ſtory, for your Reputation's ſake; don't let people know what deſpis'd Cullies we Engliſh are, to be cheated and abus'd by one Whore, and another rather bribe thee than be kind to thee, is an Infamy to our Nation.

Will. Come, come, where's the Wench, we'l ſee her, let her be what ſhe will, we'l ſee her.

Fed. Ay, ay, let us ſee her, I can ſoon diſcover whether ſhe be of quality, or for your diverſion.

Blunt. She's in *Fred*'s cuſtody.

Will. Come, come, the Key. [*To* Fred. *who gives him the Key, they are going.*

Belv. Death! what ſhall I do?———ſtay Gentlemen, —— yet if I hinder 'em, I ſhall diſcover all —— hold, let's go one at once — give me the Key

Will.

Will. Nay, hold there, Col. I'll go firſt.

Fred. Nay, no diſpute, *Ned* and I have the propriety of her.

Will. Damn propriety — then we'll draw cuts, (Belv. *goes to whiſper* Wil. — nay, no corruption good Col. come, the longeſt ſword carries her. ———

(*They all draw, forgetting Don* Pedro, *being a Spaniard, had the longeſt.*

Blun. I yield up my intereſt to you Gentlemen, and that will be revenge ſufficient.

Will. The Wench is yours — (*to* Ped.) pox of his *Toledo*, I had forgot that.

Fred. Come ſir, i'le conduct you to the Lady. (*Exit* Fred. *and* Ped.

Belv. To hinder him will certainly diſcover her —— (*aſide*) Doſt know dull beaſt, what miſchief thou haſt done? Wil. *walking up and down out of humor.*

Will. Ay, ay, to truſt our Fortune to Lots, a Devil on't, 'twas madneſs, that's the Truth on't.

Belv. Oh intolerable ſott! ———

Enter Florinda, *running in ſqu'd*, Pedro *after her*, Will. *gazing round her.*

Flor. Good Heaven, defend me from diſcovery. (*aſide.*

Pedro. 'Tis but in vain to fly me, you're fallen to my Lot.

Belv. Sure ſhe's undiſcover'd yet, but now I fear there is no way to bring her off.

Will. Whe, what a pox, is not this my Woman, the ſame I follow'd but now? (Ped. *talking to* Florinda, *who walks up and down.*

Ped. As if I did not know ye, and your buſineſs here.

Flor. Good Heaven! I fear he does indeed ——— (*aſide.*

Ped. Come, pray be kind, I know you meant to be ſo when you enter'd here, for theſe are proper Gentlemen.

Will. But ſir, —— perhaps the Lady will not be impos'd upon, ſhe'l chuſe her Man.

Ped. I am better bred, than not to leave her Choice free.

Enter Valeria, *and is ſurpriz'd at the ſight of Don* Pedro.

Val. Don *Pedro* here! there's no avoiding him. (*aſide.*

Flor. Valeria! then I'm undone. ——— (*aſide*

Val. Oh! have I found you Sir ——— (*To* Pedro, *running to him.*

—— the ſtrangeſt Accident ——— if I had breath ——— to tell it.

Ped. Speak ——— is *Florinda* ſafe? *Hellena* well?

Val. Ay, ay ſir, — *Florinda* — is ſafe — from any fears of you.

Ped. Why where's *Florinda?* ----- ſpeak

Val. Ay, where indeed ſir, I wiſh I could inform you,

—— but to hold you no longer in doubt, ———

Flor. Oh what will ſhe ſay? — (*aſide.*

Val. She's fled away in the habit of one of her Pages, ſir — but *Callis* thinks you may retrieve her yet, if you make haſte away; ſhe'l tell you, ſir, the reſt ——— if you can find her out. (*Aſide.*

Ped. Diſhonourable Girl, ſhe has undone my Aim — Sir — you ſee my neceſſity of leaving you, and I hope you'll pardon it; my Siſter, I know, will make her flight to you; and if ſhe do, I ſhall expect ſhe ſhould be render'd back.

Belv. I shall consult my Love and Honour, Sir. [*Ex.* Ped.

For. My dear Preserver, let me imbrace thee. [*To* Val.

Will. What the Devil's all this?

Blunt. Mystery by this light.

Val. Come, come, make haste and get your selves married quickly, for your Brother will return again.

Belv. I'm so surpriz'd with fears and joys, so amaz'd to find you here in safety, I can scarce perswade my heart into a faith of what I see-----

Will. Harkey Colonel, is this that Mistress who has cost you so many sighs, and me so many quarrels with you?

Bell. It is----pray give him the honour of your hand. [*To* Flor.

Will. Thus it must be receiv'd then. [*Kneels and kisses her hand.*

And with it give your Pardon too.

Flor. The Friend to *Belvile* may command me any thing.

Will. Death, would I might, 'tis a surprizing Beauty. [*Aside.*

Bell. Boy, run and fetch a Father instantly. [*Ex. Boy.*

Fred. So, now do I stand like a Dog, and have not a syllable to plead my own Cause with: by this hand, Madam, I was never thoroughly confounded before, nor shall I ever more dare look up with confidence, till you are pleas'd to Pardon me.

Flor. Sir, I'le be reconcil'd to you on one condition, that you'l follow the Example of your friend, in Marrying a Maid that does not hate you, and whose fortune (I believe) will not be unwelcome to you.

Fred. Madam, had I no Inclinations that way, I shou'd obey your kind Commands.

Bell. Who, *Fred.* marry; he has so few inclinations for Woman-kind, that had he been possest of Paradise, he might have continu'd there to this day, if no Crime but Love cou'd have dis-inherited him.

Fred. Oh, I do not use to boast of my intregues.

Bell. Boast, why thou do'st nothing but boast; and I dare swear, wer't thou as Innocent from the sin of the Grape, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'st yet claim that right in Love which our first Parents lost by too much Loving.

Fred. I wish this Lady would think me so modest a man.

Val. She wou'd be sorry then, and not like you half so well, and I shou'd be loath to break my word with you; which was, That if your Friend and mine agreed, it shou'd be a Match between you and I. [*She gives him her hand.*

Fred. Bear witness, Colonel, 'tis a Bargain. [*Kisses her hand.*

Blunt. I have a Pardon to beg too; but adsheartlikins I am so out of Countenance, that I'm a Dog if I can say any thing to purpose. [*To* Florinda.

Flor. Sir, I heartily forgive you all.

Blunt. That's nobly said, sweet Lady,-----*Belvile*, prithee present her her Ring again for I find I have not Courage to approach her my self. [*Gives him the Ring he gives to* Florinda.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, I have brought the Father that you sent for.

Bell. 'Tis well, and now my dear *Florinda*, let's fly to compleat that mighty joy we have so long wish'd and sigh'd for.

-----Come *Fred.* you'l follow?

Fred. Your Example Sir, 'twas ever my ambition in War, and must be so in Love.

Will. And must not I see this juggling knot ty'd?

Belv. No, thou shalt do us better service, and be our guard, least *Don Pedro*'s sudden return interrupt the Ceremony.

Will. Content-----I'le secure this pass. [*Ex.* Bel. Flor. Fred. *and* Val.

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there's a Lady without wou'd ſpeak to you. [*To* Will.

Will. Conduct her in, I dare not quit my Poſt.

Boy. And Sir, your Taylor waits you in your Chamber.

Blunt. Some comfort yet, I ſhall not dance naked at the Wedding.

[*Ex.* Blunt *and* Boy.

Enter again the Boy, *conducting in* Angellica *in a Maſquing Habit and a Vizard.*

Will. *runs to her.*

Will. This can be none but my pretty Gipſie-----Oh, I ſee you can follow as well as fly-----Come, confeſs thy ſelf the moſt malicious Devil in Nature, you think you have done my bus'neſs with *Angellica.*-----

Ang. Stand off, baſe Villain----- [*She draws a Piſtol, and holds to his Breaſt*

Will. Hah, 'tis not ſhe, who art thou? and what's thy buſineſs?

Ang. One thou haſt injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

Will. What the Devil canſt thou mean?

Ang. By all my hopes to kill thee----- [*Holds ſtill the Piſtol to his Breaſt, he going back, ſhe following ſtill.*

Will. Prithee on, what acquaintance? for I know thee not.

Ang. Behold this face!-----ſo loſt to thy remembrance,
And then call all thy ſins about thy Soul, [*Pulls off her Vizard.*
And let 'em dye with thee.

Will. Angellica!

Ang. Yes, Traytor,
Does not thy guilty blood run ſhivering through thy Veins?
Haſt thou no horrour at this ſight, that tells thee,
Thou haſt not long to boaſt thy ſhameful Conqueſt?

Will. Faith, no Child, my blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows ſtill, and that uſual heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a kindneſs, had I but opportunity.

Ang. Devil! doſt wanton with my pain-----have at thy heart.

Will. Hold, dear Virago! hold thy hand a little,
I am not now at leaſure to be kill'd-----hold and hear me-----Death, I think ſhe's in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Ang. Oh if I take not heed,
My coward heart will leave me to his mercy. [*Aſide, turning from him.*
-----What have you, Sir, to ſay?-----but ſhou'd I hear thee,
Thoud'ſt talk away all that is brave about me: [*Follows him with the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*
And I have vow'd thy death, by all that's Sacred.

Will. Whe then there's an end of a proper handſome Fellow,
That might a liv'd to have done good ſervice yet;
----That's all I can ſay to't.

Ang. Yet --- I wou'd give thee---- time for penitence. [*Pauſingly.*

Will. Faith Child, I thank God, I have ever took
Care to lead a good, ſober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion
That teaches me to believe, I ſhall depart in peace.

Ang. So will the Devil! tell me
How many poor believing Fools thou haſt undone?
How many hearts thou haſt betray'd to ruin?
----Yet theſe are little miſchiefs to the ills
Thou'ſt taught mine to commit: thou'ſt taught it Love.

Will. Egad 'twas ſhrewdly hurt the while.

Ang. ----Love, that has robb'd it of its unconcern

Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it.
And in its room
A mean ſubmiſſive Paſſion was convey'd,
That made me humbly bow, which I nere did
To any thing but Heaven.
----Thou, perjur'd Man, didſt this, and with thy Oaths,
Which on thy Knees, thou didſt devoutly make,
Soften'd my yielding heart----And then, I was a ſlave----
Yet ſtill had been content to've worn my Chains:
Worn 'em with vanity and joy for ever,
Hadſt thou not broke thoſe Vows that put them on.
----'Twas then I was undone. [*All this while follows him with the Piſtol to his Breaſt.*
Will. Broke my Vows! whe, where haſt thou liv'd?
Amongſt the Gods: for I never heard of mortal Man,
That has not broke a thouſand Vows.
Ang. Oh, Impudence!
Will. Angellica! that Beauty has been too long tempting,
Not to have made a thouſand Lovers languiſh,
Who in the Amorous Favour, no doubt have ſworn
Like me: did they all dye in that Faith? ſtill Adoring?
I do not think they did.
Ang. No, faithleſs Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine,
I wou'd have kill'd the ingrateful that had abandon'd me.
Will. This Old General has quite ſpoil'd thee, nothing makes a Woman ſo vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever ſupplies the defects of Age, with intollerable Dotage, vaſt Charge, and that which you call Conſtancy; and attributing all this to your own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth, upbraiding him ſtill with the defects of Age, and Cuckold him as often as he deceives your Expectations. But the Gay, Young, Brisk Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you dart for dart, he'l be as nice as you ſometimes.
Ang. All this thou'ſt made me know, for which I hate thee.
Had I remain'd in innocent ſecurity,
I thou'd have thought all men were born my ſlaves,
And worn my pow'r like lightning in my Eyes,
To have deſtroy'd at pleaſure when offended:
---But when Love held the Mirror, the undeceiving Glaſs
Reflected all the weakneſs of my Soul, and made me know
My richeſt treaſure being loſt, my Honour,
All the remaining ſpoil cou'd not be worth
The Conqueror's Care or Value.
---Oh how I fell like a long worſhip't Idol
Diſcovering all the Cheat.
Wou'd not the Incenſe and rich Sacrifice,
Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Altars,
Have fall'n to thee?
Why wou'dſt thou then deſtroy my fancy'd pow'r?
Will. By Heaven thou'rt brave, and I admire thee ſtrangely.
I wiſh I were that dull, that conſtant thing
Which thou wou'dſt have, and Nature never meant me:
I muſt, like cheerfull Birds, ſing in all Groves,
And perch on every Bough,

Billing the next kind she that flies to meet me;
Yet after all cou'd build my Nest with thee,
Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round,
And still reserve a tributary Flame.
---To gain your credit, I'll pay you back your Charity,
And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love. [*Offers her a Purse of Gold.*
Ang. Oh that thou wert in earnest!
So mean a thought of me,
Wou'd turn my rage to scorn, and I shou'd pity thee,
And give thee leave to live;
Which for the publick safety of our Sex,
And my own private Injuries, I dare not do.
Prepare---- [*Follows still, as before.*
---I will no more be tempted with replies.
Will. Sure——
Ang. Another word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long.
Anto. Hah! *Angellica!*
[*She follows him with the Pistol ready to shoot; he retires still amaz'd. Enter* Don Antonio, *his Arm in a Scarf, and lays hold on the Pistol.*
Ang. Antonio! what Devil brought thee hither?
Anto. Love and Curiosity, seeing your Coach at door.
Let me disarm you of this unbecoming instrument of death —— amongst the Number of your slaves, was there not one, worthy the Honour to have fought your quarrel? [*Takes away the Pistol.*
——Who are you Sir, that are so very wretched
To merit death from her?
Will. One, Sir, that cou'd have made a better End of an Amorous quarrel without you, than with you.
Anto. Sure 'tis some Rival,—— hah —— the very Man took down her Picture yesterday —— the very same that set on me last night – blest opportunity-- [*Offers to shoot him.*
Ang. Hold, you're mistaken Sir.
Anto. By Heaven the very same!
—— Sir, what pretensions have you to this Lady?
Will. Sir, I do not use to be Examin'd, and am ill at all disputes but this——
[*Draws:* Anton. *offers to shoot.*
Ang. Oh, hold! you see he's Arm'd with certain death: [*To* Will.
——And you, *Antonio*; I command you hold,
By all the Passion you've so lately vow'd me.
Enter Don Pedro, *sees* Antonio, *and stays.*
Ped. Hah, *Antonio!* and *Angellica!* [*Aside.*
Anto. When I refuse obedience to your Will,
May you destroy me with your Mortal hate.
By all that's Holy I Adore you so,
That even my Rival, who has Charms enough
To make him fall a Victim to my jealousie
Shall live, nay and have leave to love on still.
Ped. What's this I hear? [*Aside.*
Ang. Ah thus! 'twas thus! he talkt, and I believ'd [*Pointing to* Will.
——(*Antonio,*) yesterday,
I'd not have sold my Int'rest in his heart,
For all the Sword has won and lost in Battail.

But

—But now to ſhow my utmoſt of contempt,
I give thee Life — which if thou wou'dſt preſerve,
Live where my Eyes may never ſee thee more,
Live to undo ſome one, whoſe Soul may prove,
So bravely conſtant to revenge my Love. [*Goes out*, Ant. *follows, but* Ped. *pulls him back.*

Ped. *Antonio* — ſtay.

Ant. *Don Pedro* ——

Ped. What Coward fear was that prevented thee
From meeting me this morning on the *Molo?*

Anto. Meet thee?

Ped. Yes me; I was the Man that dar'd thee to't.

Anto. Haſt thou ſo often ſeen me fight in War,
To find no better Cauſe to excuſe my abſence?
— I ſent my Sword and one to do thee right,
Finding my ſelf uncapable to uſe a Sword.

Ped. But 'twas *Florinda*'s Quarrel that we fought,
And you to ſhew how little you eſteem'd her,
Sent me your Rival, giving him your Int'reſt.
—But I have found the cauſe of this affront,
And when I meet you fit for the diſpute,
— I'll tell you my reſentment.

Ant. I ſhall be ready, Sir, e're long to do you reaſon. [*Ex.* Anto.

Ped. If I cou'd find *Florinda*, now whilſt my angers high,
I think I ſhou'd be kind, and give her to *Belvile* in revenge.

Will. Faith, Sir, I know not what you wou'd do, but I believe the Prieſt within has been ſo kind.

Ped. How! my Siſter Married?

Will. I hope by this time he is, and bedded too, or he has not
My longings about him.

Ped. Dares he do this! does he not fear my Pow'r?

Will. Faith not at all, if you will go in, and thank him for the favour he has done your Siſter; ſo, if not, Sir, my Pow'rs greater in this houſe than yours; I have a damn'd ſurly Crew here, that ſhall keep you till the next Tide, and then clap you on board my Prize; my Ship lies but a League off the *Molo*, and we ſhall ſhow your Don-ſhip a damn'd *Tramontana* Rovers Trick.

Enter Belvile.

Belv. This Rogues in ſome new Miſchief —hah, *Pedro* return'd!

Ped. Colonel *Belvile*, I hear you have Married my Siſter?

Bell. You have heard truth then, Sir.

Ped. Have I ſo? then, Sir, I wiſh you Joy.

Bel. How!

Ped. By this imbrace I do, and I am glad on't.

Bel. Are you in earneſt?

Ped. By our long Friendſhip and my obligations to thee, I am,
The ſudain change, I'll give you reaſons for anon.
Come lead me to my Siſter,
That ſhe may know, I now approve her choice. [*Ex.* Bel. *with* Ped.

Will. *goes to follow them. Enter* Hellena *as before in Boys Clothes, and pulls him back.*

Will. Ha! my Gipſie: —— now a thouſand bleſſings on thee for this kindneſs, Egad Child I was e'en in deſpair of ever ſeeing thee again; my Friends are all provided for within, each Man his kind Woman.

Hell.

Hell. Hah! I thought they had ſerv'd me ſome ſuch trick!

Will. And I was e'en reſolv'd to go aboard, condemn my ſelf to my lone Cabin, and the thoughts of thee.

Hell. And cou'd you have left me behind, wou'd you have been ſo ill natur'd?

Will. Whe 'twou'd have broke my Heart Child:---- but ſince we are met again, I defie foul weather to part us.

Hell. And wou'd you be a Faithfull Friend, now if a Maid ſhou'd truſt you?

Will. For a Friend I cannot promiſe, thou art of a form ſo Excellent a Face and Humour, too good for cold dull Frienſhip; I am parlouſly afraid of being in Love Child, and you have not forgot how ſeverely you have us'd me?

Hell. That's all one, ſuch uſage you muſt ſtill look for, to find out all your Haunts, to rail at you to all that Love you, till I have made you love only me in your own defence, becauſe no body elſe will love.

Will. But haſt thou no better quality, to recommend thy ſelf by?

Hell. Faith none Captain:-----whe 'twill be the greater Charity to take me for thy Miſtreſs. I am alone Child, a kind of Orphan Lover, and why I ſhou'd dye a Maid, and in a Captains hands too, I do not underſtand.

Will. Egad, I was never claw'd away with Broad-ſides from any Female before, thou haſt one Vertue I Adore, good Nature; I hate a Coy demure Miſtreſs, ſhe's as troubleſome as a Colt, I'l break none; no give me a mad Miſtreſs when Mew'd, and in flying on I dare truſt upon the wing, that whil'ſt ſhe's kind will come to the Lure.

Hell. Nay as kind as you will good Capt. whil'ſt it laſts, but let's loſe no time,

Will. My time's as precious to me, as thine can be; therefore dear creature, ſince we are ſo well agreed, let's retire to my Chamber, and if ever thou wert treated with ſuch Savory Love! ----- come ---- my beds prepar'd for ſuch a gueſt all clean and ſweet as thy fair ſelf, I love to ſteal a Diſh and a Bottle with a Friend, and hate long Graces ---- come let's retire and fall too.

Hell. 'Tis but getting my conſent, and the buſ'neſs is ſoon done, let but old Gaffer *Hymen* and his Prieſt, ſay Amen to't, and I dare lay my Mothers daughter by as proper a Fellow as your Father's Son, without fear or bluſhing,

Will. Hold, hold, no Bugg words Child, Prieſt and *Hymen*, prithee add a Hang-man to 'em to make up the conſort, ----- no, no, we'l have no Vows but Love, Child, nor witneſs but the Lover, the kind Deity injoyn naught but Love! and injoy! *Hymen* and Prieſt wait ſtill upon Portion, and Joynture; Love and Beauty have their own Ceremonies; Marriage is as certain a bane to Love, as lending Money is to Friendſhip: I'l neither ask nor give a Vow, tho I could be content to turn Gipſie, and become a left-hand bride-groom, to have the pleaſure of working that great Miracle of making a Maid a Mother, if you durſt venture; 'tis upſe Gipſie that, and if I miſs, I'l loſe my Labour.

Hell. And if you do not loſe, what ſhall I get? a cradle full of noiſe and miſchief, with a pack of repentance at my back? can you teach me to weave Incle to paſs my time with? 'tis upſe Gipſie that too.

Will. I can teach thee to Weave a true loves knot better.

Hell. So can my dog.

Will. Well, I ſee we are both upon our Guards, and I ſee there's no way to conquer good Nature, but by yielding, ------ here------ give me thy hand---- one kiſs and I am thine;----

Hell. One kiſs! how like my Page he ſpeaks; I am reſolv'd you ſhall have none, for asking ſuch a ſneaking ſum, ------ he that will be ſatisfied with one kiſs, will never dye of that longing; good Friend, ſingle kiſs, is all your talking come to this? ----a kiſs, a caudle! farewel Captain, ſingle kiſs. [*Going out he ſtays her.*

VVill. Nay if we part ſo, let me dye like a bird upon a bough, at the Sheriffs charge, by Heaven both the *Indies*, ſhall not buy thee from me. I adore thy Humour and will marry thee, and we are ſo of one Humour, it muſt be a bargan -----give me thy hand.---

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

And now let the blind ones (Love and Fortune) do their worſt.

Hell. Whe God-a-mercy Captain!

VVill. But harkey ---- the bargain is now made; but is it not fit we ſhou'd know each others Names? that when we have reaſon to curſe one another hereafter (and People ask me who 'tis I give to the Devil) I may at leaſt be able to tell, what Family you came of.

Hell. Good reaſon, Captain; and where I have cauſe, (as I doubt not but I ſhall have plentiful) that I may know at whom to throw my----bleſſings----I beſeech ye your Name.

VVill. I am call'd *Robert the Conſtant.*

Hell. A very fine name; pray was it your Faulkner or Butler that Chriſten'd you? do they not uſe to Whiſtle when they call you?

VVill. I hope you have a better, that a man may name without croſſing himſelf, you are ſo merry with mine.

Hell. I am call'd *Hellena the Inconſtant.*

Enter Pedro, Belvile, Florinda, Fred. Valleria.

Ped. Hah! *Hellena!*

Florin. Hellenah.

Hell. The very ſame----hath my Brother! now Captain ſhew your Love and Courage; ſtand to your Arms, and defend me bravely, or I am loſt for Ever.

Ped. What's this I hear! falſe Girl, how came you hither, and what's your buſ'neſs? Speak. [*Goes roughly to her.*

VVill. Hold off Sir, you have leave to parly only. [*Puts himſelf between.*

Hell. I had e'en as good tell it, as you gueſs it; Faith Brother my buſ'neſs, is the ſame with all living Creatures of my Age, to love, and be beloved, and here's the Man.

Ped. Perfidious Maid, haſt thou deceiv'd me too, deceiv'd thy ſelf and Heaven;

Hell. 'T 'time enough to make my peace with that.
Be you but kind let me alone with Heaven,

Ped. Belvile, I did not expect this falſe play from you; was't not enough you'd gain *Florinda* (which I pardon'd) but your lewd Friends too muſt be inricht with the ſpoyls of a Noble Family?

Bell. Faith Sir, I am as much ſurpriz'd at this as you can be: Yet Sir, my Friends are Gentlemen, and ought to be Eſteem'd for their Misfortunes, ſince they have the Glory to ſuffer with the beſt of Men and Kings; 'tis true, he's a Rover of Fortune, Yet a Prince, aboard his little wooden World.

Ped. What's this to the maintenance of a Woman of her Birth and Quality.

VVill. Faith Sir, I can boaſt of nothing but a Sword which does me right where e're I come, and has defended a worſe Cauſe than a Womans; and ſince I lov'd her before I either knew her Birth or Name, I muſt perſue my reſolution, and marry her.

Ped. And is all your holy intent of becoming a Nun, debauch't into a deſire of Man?

Hell. Whe-----I have conſider'd the matter Brother, and find, the Three hundred thouſand Crowns my Uncle left me (and you cannot keep from me) will be better laid out in Love than in Religion, and turn to as good an account, ---- let moſt voyces carry it, for Heaven or the Captain?

All cry, a Captain? a Captain?

Hell Look yee Sir, 'tis a clear caſe.

Ped. Oh I am mad---- if I refuſe, my life's in danger--- [*Aſide.*

---Come

—— Come—— there's one motive induces me —— take her ——
I shall now be free from fears of her Honour, guard it you now, if you can, I have been a slave to't long enough. [*Gives her to him.*

VVill. Faith Sir, I am of a Nation, that are of opinion a womans Honour is not worth guarding when she has a mind to part with it.

Hell. Well said Captain.

Ped. This was your Plot Mistress, but I hope you have married one that will revenge my quarrel to you —— [*To* Valleria.

Val. There's no altering Destinie, Sir.

Ped. Sooner than a Womans Will, therefore I forgive you all —— and wish you may get my Father's Pardon as Easily; which I fear.

Enter Blunt *dress't in a* Spanish *Habit, looking very ridiculously, his Man a justing his Band.*

Man. 'Tis very well Sir.

Blunt. Well Sir, 'dsheartlikins I tell you 'tis damnable ill Sir, —— a *Spanish* habit good Lord! Cou'd the Devil and my Taylor devise no other punishment for me, but the Mode of a Nation I abominate?

Bell. What's the matter *Ned*?

Blunt. Pray view me round, and judge, —— [*Turns round.*

Bell. I must confess thou art a kind of an odd Figure.

Blunt. In a *Spanish* habit with a Vengeance! I had rather be in the Inquisition for Judaisme, than in this Doublet and Breeches, a Pillory were an easie Coller to this, three handfuls high; and these Shoes, too, are worse than the stocks, with the sole an Inch shorter than my Foot: In fine Gentlemen, methinks I look altogether like a Bag of Bayes stufft full of Fools flesh.

Bell. Methinks 'tis well, and makes thee look e'n Cavalier: Come Sir, settle your face, and salute our Friends, Lady ——

Blunt. Hah! —— say'st thou so my Little Rover —— [*To* Hell. Lady — (if you be one) give me leave to kiss your hand, and tell you, adsheartlikins, for all I look so, I am your humble Servant, — a Pox of my *Spanish* habit.

VVill. Hark — what's this? [*Musick is heard to play*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, as the Custom is, the gay people in Masquerade who make every mans House their own, are coming up.

Enter several Men and Women in Masquing Habits, with Musick, they put themselves in order and Dance.

Blunt. Adsheartlikins, wou'd 'twere lawfull to pull off their false faces, that I might see if my Doxie were not amongst 'em.

Bell. Ladies and Gentlemen, since you are come so *ap ro po*, you must take a small Collation with us. [*To the Masquero's.*

Will. Whilst we'll to the Good Man within, who stays to give us a Cast of his Office. [*To* Hell.

—— Have you no trembling at the near approach?

Hell. No more than you have in an Engagement or a Tempest.

Will. Egad thou'rt a brave Girl, and I admire thy Love and Courage.
Lead on, no other Dangers they can dread,
Who venture in the Storms o'th' Marriage Bed. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THE Baniſht Cavaliers! a Roving Blade!
A Popiſh Carnival! a Maſquerade!
The Devil's in't if this will pleaſe the Nation,
In theſe our bleſſed Times of Reformation,
When Conventickling is ſo much in faſhion.
And yet ——
That Mutinous Tribe leſs Factions do beget.
Than your continual differing in Wit;
Your Judgment's (as your Paſſion's) a diſeaſe:
Nor Muſe nor Miſs your Appetite can pleaſe;
Your grown as Nice as queaſie Conſciences.
Who's each Convulſion, when the Spirit moves,
Damns every thing, that Maggot diſapproves.
With Canting Rule you won'd the Stage refine,
And to Dull Method all our Senſe confine.
With th' Inſolence of Common-Wealths you rule,
Where each gay Fop, and Politick grave Fool
On Monarch Wit impoſe, without controul.
As for the laſt, who ſeldom ſees a Play,
Unleſs it be the old Black Fryers way,
Shaking his empty Noddle o're Bamboo,
He Crys, —— Good Faith, theſe Plays will never do.
—— Ah, Sir, in my young days, what loſty Wit,
What high-ſtrain'd Scenes of Fighting there were writ:
Theſe are ſlight airy Toys. But tell me pray,
What has the Houſe of Commons done to day?
Then ſhews his Politicks, to let you ſee,
Of State Affairs he'l judge as notably
As he can do of Wit and Poetry.
The younger Sparks, who hither do reſort,
Cry, ——
Pox o' your gentile things, give us more Sport;
—— Damn me, I'm ſure 'twill never pleaſe the Court.
Such Fops are never pleas'd, unleſs the Play
Be ſtufft with Fools, as brisk and dull as they:
Such might the Half-Crown ſpare, and in a Glaſs
At home behold a more Accompliſht Aſs,
Where they may ſet their Cravats, Wigs and Faces,
And practice all their Buffoonry Grimaſſes:
See how this-- Huff becomes,--this Damny,--ſtare,--
Which they at home may act, becauſe they dare,
But--muſt with prudent caution do elſewhere.
Oh that our Nokes, or Tony Lee cou'd ſhow
A Fop but half ſo much to th' life as you.

FINIS.